



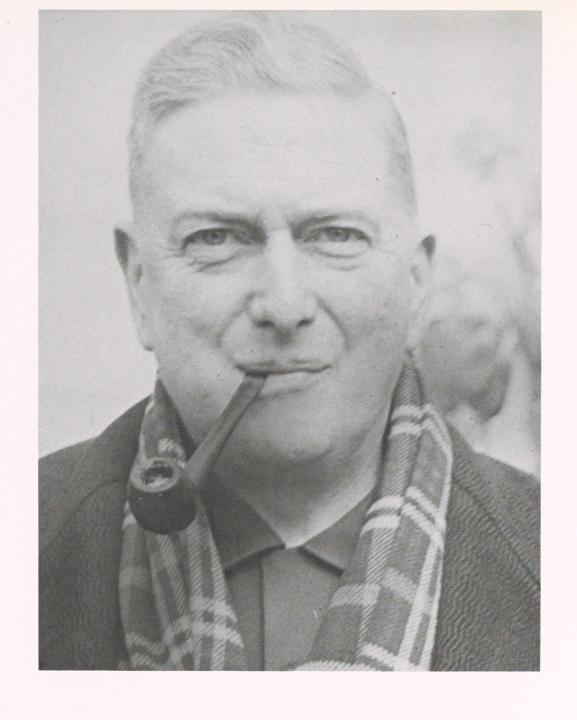






THE JOHNIAN

1962-63
ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA



RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
TO
JOHN FLETCHER WAUDBY

HIS CONTRIBUTION TO ST. JOHN'S:

Mr. Waudby attended Fairwater East House of Taunton School in Somerset from the age of eight until his matriculation. Following that, he read for the Diploma in Education at London University. He taught at Eastman's Naval Academy in Portsmouth. Later he taught at St. George's School at Quilmes outside Buenos Aires. In 1928, anxious to live under the British flag, he arrived at St. John's College School as a master in the Lower School. Mr. Waudby was master of the fourth form and Housemaster of Hamber House from 1937 until 1946. Upon the retirement of Walter Burman in that year Mr. Waudby was appointed acting Headmaster of the College School, a position he filled until the amalgamation in 1950. Since 1950 he has been Senior Master in charge of Mathematics and Latin as well as being Housemaster of Hamber House at St. John's Ravenscourt School. Without exception, those who have been taught by Mr. Waudby will say that he is the best Mathematics teacher they have ever had.

When we look at the present form of the Commemoration Service we should realize that Mr. Waudby put the Service in its form as we know ittoday. John F. Waudby is a true Churchman who has given his life to the College and we must never forget his great contribution.

A TRIBUTE:

John F. Waudby has had many students and friends during his thirty-five years in Canada. The thanks of some of them follow:

> When you fight with John Waudby You'd best lay your sword by, For you'll be o'erpoured by A pillar of smoke.

But for all his emission Of smoking condition Without intermission He's a likable bloke.

> - G.L. Brodersen St. John's College

"There are many of us who cannot visualize a Commemoration Service without John Waudby. In spite of all our truancies, John always came up with a real choir that contributed much to the beauty and spirit of a Commemoration Service. This same intense sense of purpose to serve St. John's, both College and School, has marked his career in the Canadian West. As long as there is a John Waudby, St. John's will not be forgotten."

> Neville R. Clarke Bishop of James Bay

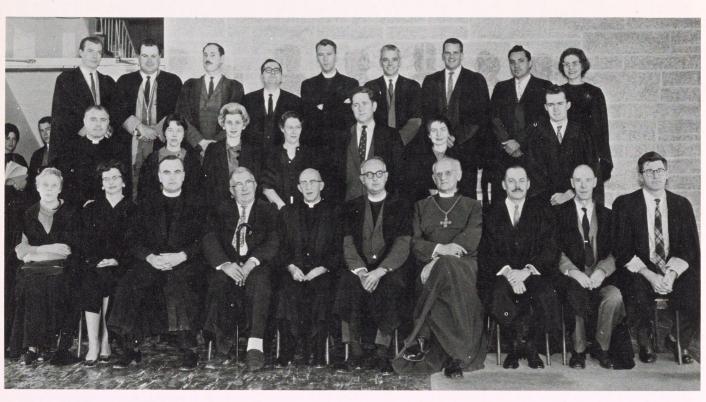
"Fifty words only is too severe a restriction when writing about one who has made such a tremendous contribution to St. John's. A special tribute to Mr. Waudby is long overdue because, during his many years of association with the School and College, his real service has been to his country through men, who once were boys - many hundreds of whom have the fondest memories of John F. Waudby - gentleman, schoolmaster, housemaster, headmaster, teacher, and friend. I should like to add a personal message to J.F.W. of grateful thanks and respect."

> - Rear Admiral Jeffry V. Brock Ottawa

"I first knew John Waudby in the '20s when he was one of the younger masters at St. John's College School and I was a pre-theological student in the College. In those days School and College were one and John Waudby was very popular with the students of the College, as also he was with the pupils of the school. One could always count on Mr. Waudby to contribute valuable insights into matters both academic and ecclesiastical in the extracurricular discussions that took place in the local 'tuck shop' on the corner of Church and Main."

> - C.C. Landon St. John's College

OUR FACULTY AND STAFF



First Row: Mrs. M.K. Wees, Miss M.G. Webster, Dr. W.S.F. Pickering, Dean G.L. Brodersen, Dr. C.C. Landon, Dean B.G.M. Wood, The Most Rev. P. Carrington, Major C.E. Kent, A.H. Hoole, A.H. Adamson. Second Row: Dean C.I. Rothery, Mrs. P. Flynn, Mrs. M. Gutkin, Mrs. M. Stobie, Dr. L.F.S. Upton, Mrs. W. Greatrex, L.D. Reed. Third Row: M.L. Hadley, W. Fox-Decent, Dr. J.W.S. Jamieson, Dr. T.M. Coakley, Rev. A.M.C. Waterman, C.C. Smith, M. McLean, J.C. Wenk, Miss J. Bancroft.



Our office staff, always ready with a cheerful smile to answer any question or do any job. They are (left to right): Beryl Tough, Margaret Hardman, Joanne Sawatzky, Jean Beaulieu.

OUR FACULTY

There has always been a special bond between the students and the professors of St. John's College. Because of the relatively small size of the college, the professors have come to know and take a personal interest in each of their students. A prof joining the students for coffee of participating in their social functions is a rare sight in many halls of learning; in S.J.C. it is a common occurrence and one which is mutually beneficial. As our

professors help to guide us towards intellectual and spiritual growth, so we the students help to keep them young (or so they say). Although our contribution to their well-being is questionable, the benefits we have gained from their knowledge, advice and understanding are countless. To these our professors, advisors, and friends we offer our thanks:

WARDEN and VICE-CHANCELLOR: The Rev'd. C.C. Landon, M.A., B.D., Ph.D.

DEANS:

Theology: The Rev'd. B.G.M. Wood, B.A., M.A., L.Th. Arts and Science: G.L. Brodersen, M.A. Men's Residence: The Rev'd. C.I. Rothery Women's Residence: Miss M. Allen

PROFESSORS:

G.L. Brodersen, M.A.
The Rev'd. C.C. Landon, M.A., B.D., Ph.D.
The Rev'd. B.G.M. Wood, B.A., M.A., L.Th.

ASSOCIATE PROFESSORS:

The Rev'd. W.S.F. Pickering, B.D., Ph.D., A.K.C. L.F.S. Upton, M.A., Ph.D. J.C. Wenk, M.A.

ASSISTANT PROFESSORS:

A.H. Adamson, M.A., Dip.E.S., Ph.D. T.M. Coakley, M.A., Ph.D. A.H. Hoole, M.A., C.A. J.W.S. Jamieson, M.Sc., Ph.D. N.J. McLeod, B.A. C.C. Smith, M.A., M.S., B.D. Mrs. M. Stobie, M.A., Ph.D. The Rev'd. A.M.C. Waterman, M.A. Mrs. M.K. Wees, M.A.

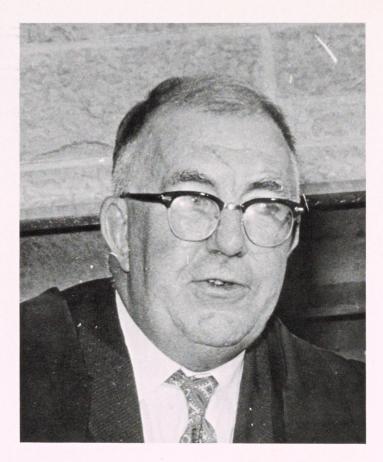
LECTURERS, INSTRUCTORS, and TEACHING FELLOWS:

Miss J. Bancroft, M.A., Dip. E.S.
Mrs. A. Bell, M.A.
J. Farley, B.Sc., M.Sc.
Mrs. P. Flynn, M.A.
W. Fox-Decent, M.A.
Mrs. W. Greatrex, B.A. (Hons.)
Mrs. M. Gutkin, B.A. (Hons.), M.A.
M.L. Hadley, B.A. (Hons.)
J.B. Lier, B.Sc., M.Sc.
M. McLean, B.A.
P. Olin
L. Reed, M.Sc.
The Rev'd. H.J. Skynner, B.A., L.Th., S.T.M.

SPECIAL LECTURERS:

S. Bryans, A.R.I.A.M.
The Most Rev'd. P. Carrington, M.A., D.C.L., D.D.
W.M. Hugill, B.A., Ph.D.
The Rev'd. Canon G.D. Kelly, B.A.
The Rev'd. R.F. Shepherd, B.A., A.K.C.
R.H. Vincent, M.A.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE PROUDLY PRESENTS.....



PROF. G.L. BRODERSEN

St. John's College is currently featuring a re-run of Professor George Brodersen's successful 1939-1940 performance in "The English Department". Before, however, going into detail about the present production we shall attempt to trace some of the highlights of his past career. Professor Brodersen began his early studies in Liverpool, (The Liverpool College), and then went to Oxford where he obtained his Bachelor of Arts in the Classics and in English. Not content to stop there he went directly on to obtain his Master's degree.

His first break came in '34 when he landed an important part in the Liverpool production "The Scholarship School". After a five year run he then made his Canadian debut featured in the highly successful '39-'40 run with the St. John's Players. The following season the St. John's group folded due to the war and Professor Brodersen was forced to seek greener pastures.

Again fortune smiled and he landed a promising part in the University of Manitoba production "Arts and Science", which was to herald a brilliant twelve year run. Enjoying success upon success he then decided to try his hand at producing and directing. He can claim credit for such triumphs as Antigone and The Country Girl. Gilbert and Sullivan's work has also come under his accomplished hand. He brought Shakespeare's Macbeth to Winnipeg. He is also credited with the first public recitation in Manitoba of T.S. Eliot's Murder In The Cathedral and The Family Reunion.

In 1950 he commenced his reign as artistic director of the University of Manitoba "Arts and Science", a position which he held until the fall of 1962 when he returned to his former love, the St. John's Players.

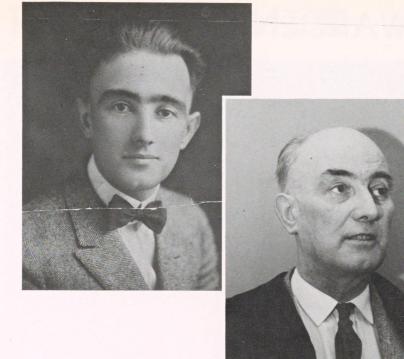
Professor Brodersen's achievements in the literary field are of similar importance. In 1946 he published a book on Johnathon Swift and presently he is involved in a more thorough treatment of his 1946 publication.

Professor Brodersen has high praise for his fellow thespians at St. John's. "They are a talented cast", he states, "and they are able to blend their talents to produce a high calibre performance". He also had a few comments on the type of audiences that frequent St. John's. On the whole, he believes that they have a greater awareness of ideas and a sensitivity for the arts. He complimented them on their exceptionally fine support of his performance. He has great respect for the efficiency of the production team under Mr. Bruce Nesbitt. They play a major part in every St. John's triumph.

Professor Brodersen has high hopes for the St. John's Players. He would like to see the audiences grow to the extent where funds would be available to enlarge and improve the existing theatrical facilities and make it possible to attract yet more big-name stars to his ever-expanding company. This in turn will result in even more sensitive and enthusiastic theatre goers.

In summation it is this critic's opinion that the St. John's Players are indeed fortunate in having "George" back on our stage. We heartily welcome him. In view of his many past triumphs, we know that the present run will be lengthy and even more superlative than before.

" 'NUFF SAID"



15 YEARS OF SERVICE PROF. N.J. MAC LEOD

Norman J. MacLeod was born in Massachusetts around the turn of the century. He came to Canada at an early age and resided in Saskatchewan. Later, he attended the University of Saskatchewan and there obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Towards the end of the first World War he joined the Royal Flying Corps. Between the two great wars Mr. MacLeod taught both in Public Schools and in High Schools in the province of Saskatchewan. Up to this time Mr. MacLeod had never heard of St. John's College. However, he was not to remain ignorant of its presence for long; Dr. Fletcher, then head of the Education of Return Fellows asked him if he were willing to teach mathematics at the college. Mr. MacLeod consented and in February of 1947 he joined the staff of the college. Since then he has served the college faithfully not only in his own field of mathematics but also in the fields of chemistry and physics.

When asked why he put up with St. John's and the students all these years, Professor MacLeod replied by saying that the atmosphere of the college was different and superior to that of the High Schools he had taught in.

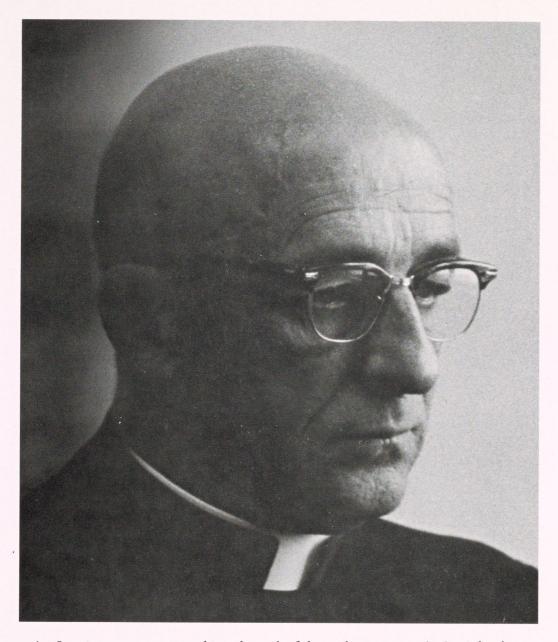
He went on to say that he also had gained a great deal of respect for Bishop Pierce, then Warden of the college, and for such well known personalities as Dr. Wilmot and Dr. Landon. 'These people,' said Professor MacLeod, 'were very friendly towards me. Everybody lived as one huge family. Today with the college's expansion I believe that that integral feeling between the student and his professor has been lost.'

Professor MacLeod's main hobby is building, as he gets great pleasure at seeing the finished result. He also likes to do some fishing during the summer.

Although Professor MacLeod has never been overseas, his one ambition is to visit India. He would have preferred to go there by tramp steamer, but on account of his age he does not think that this would be a wise thing to do today.

Of all the cities in Canada, and he has been to all the main ones, Professor MacLeod prefers Winnipeg because of its cosmopolitan atmosphere and the added benefit gained from racial tolerance.

THE WARDEN



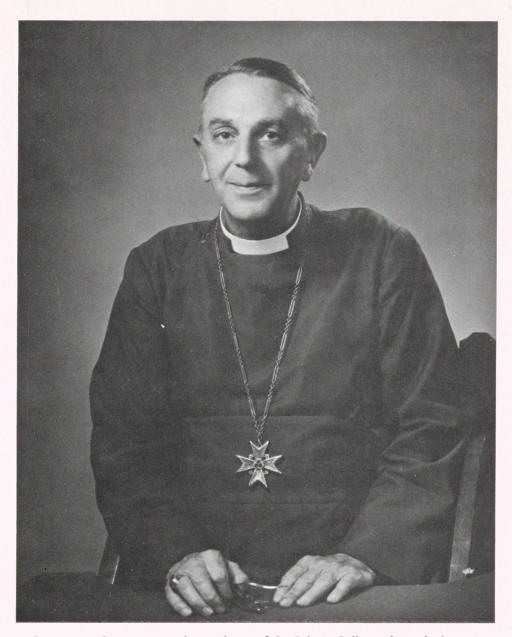
As I write, we are approaching the end of the academic year 1962-63. It has been a momentous year for the College in many respects. Decisions have been made both inside and outside the College that will affect her future. The Council of the College has decided to limit the ultimate size of the College to 500 students. This decision was taken for reasons both academic and economic. Amongst the chief academic reasons was the one to preserve the value that accrues to the small college in being able to maintain that close relationship between professor and student that is most desirable in a complete educational program.

Outside the College we hear of assistance that will help us to achieve the aims for which St. John's exists. The loyalty of students both past and present ensures the continuance of the high standards that have enabled many Johnians to achieve the highest places in both the Church and State.

With an increase in both numbers and excellence, there is a demand for an increase in buildings. It is the intention of the governing body of the College to proceed with the necessary extensions to our facilities at the earliest possible moment. With patience and sound planning the College has a successful future ahead of her. With the Chapel and the worship of Almighty God as a centre from which all our endeavours proceed, with loyalty and courage amongst all within the academic community of St. John's College, that successful future is assured.

C.C. Landon

THE CHANCELLOR



Once again let me greet the students of St. John's College, through the pages of "The Johnian". I value greatly the associations that I have with St. John's, and which are mine because of the traditional relationship between the College and the Archbishop of Rupert's Land.

The Church college has a vital role to play in the life of the University. A university is a place for great intellectual encounter, and we find our Faith tested by meeting those who do not share it.

There is nothing admirable about a broadmindedness that ends by believing in nothing. In these days when "relativity" is a principle which men try to apply to everything, the student needs to meet those with strong beliefs who are ready to have them tested sternly, and who have respect for and seek understanding with those of other beliefs.

How can this be done unless there is in the university the Christian college, with its Christian traditions, and its Christian philosophy, and with the Chapel at the very centre of its life. May St. John's flourish!



The Johnian Staff: Seated: Marilyn Boyd, Editor; Gail Taylor, Assistant Editor. Standing: Bob Richards, Advertising Manager; John Deacon, Sales Manager; Carol Pisnook, Girls' Sports Editor; Bill Malcolm, Boys' Sports Editor.

EDITORIAL

We, the yearbook staff of 1962-63 take pleasure and pride in presenting to you this your *Johnian*. We have tried to gather together here a record of the happy times had in the past year and to capture something in these few pages of those who have been our fellow workers, our instructors, and our friends. This we have done in the hope that to-day and in many years to come you may find pleasure in leafing through these pages, and through them may relive those carefree college days which pass so rapidly.

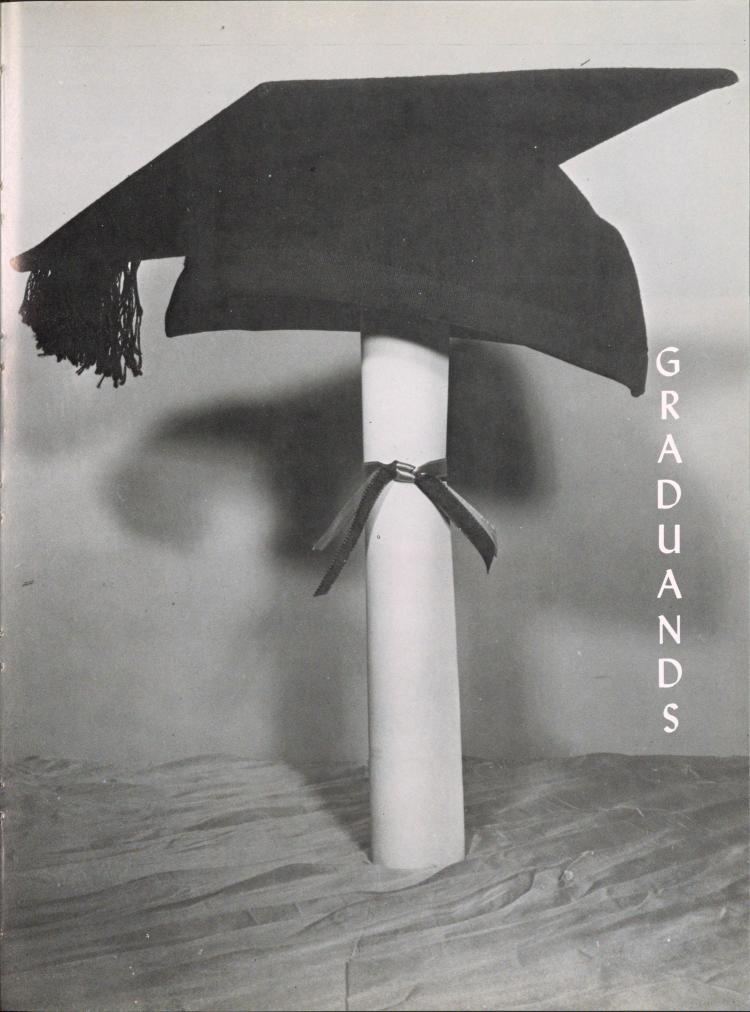
We all, I think, must consider ourselves very fortunate to be a part of St. John's College; as the college is small, so each of us is an integral part of it. The faces that look out at us from these pages are not those of strangers but of friends; the activities recalled are not unknown to us but are those we ourselves have participated in and helped to make successful. Although many of those you meet on the following pages may not again be seen in the halls of S.J.C., they leave behind something of themselves. There is an inexplicable bond between them and those of us who remain — a bond of shared pride in St. John's, and in many cases a bond of friendship which time can never erase.

As friendships have grown in the intimate atmosphere of St. John's, so also have our minds. And for this we

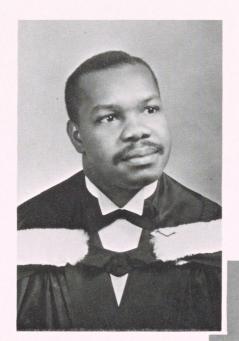
must thank our professors who have taken a personal interest in each one of us. A Johnian is an individual; his intellectual and spiritual development in the present, his choice of vocation in the future are of vital importance. It is this that our professors, by their interest, guidance, and encouragement, have helped us to realize. St. John's, as a College of Arts and Science, has offered us the opportunity of intellectual growth; St. John's, as an Anglican College, has offered us a share in a great spiritual heritage. The degree to which we have profited, or will profit in the future, from these benefits is dependent solely upon ourselves.

Here, then, is your *Johnian* 1962-63. Here is our college, a place of worship, of work, and of fun. Here are those who have walked beside us through the past year and made it better by their presence. That we have this record is thanks to many, and on behalf of the staff I would like to extend our sincere and heartfelt thanks to those whose assistance, advice, and understanding have helped to smooth the bumps on the road to publication. May your *Johnian* give you pleasure to-day and through many years to come.

Marilyn Boyd, Editor of *The Johnian*.



GRADUANDS B. A.



DEVERE MAYNARD

The keeper of St. John's purse for the past two years hails from Bridgetown in the Barbados. This year and in the past he has also been convenor of the soccer team and of the table tennis tournaments. In spite of these activities, DeVere manages to do well academically and holds a University of Manitoba Board of Governors' Bursary this year. Future: DeVere plans to do post graduate work in Political Science and thence to work for the Overseas Diplomatic Service in the West Indies.

PETER RAMSAY

Pete, St. John's Vice-Stick and a member of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity. During his four years at St. John's he has played hockey, football, basketball, and golf, and has been Sports Chairman, Matheson House Senior Rep., and UMSU Sports Council Rep. for the College. Pete has won his junior and senior "J" and the Men's Sports Trophy. Married? — "H--- No!" Number of children; answer indefinite. His future plans include a law degree. Comment: "Europe, here I come!"

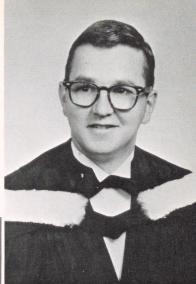
ARDIS BROOKER

Opinion of the Johnian multitudes: 'One H--- of a good kid!'. In her four years at St. John's, Ardis has held a list of positions as long as your arm: a member of Student Council, rep. at last year's Commonwealth Conference, Captain of Anderson House, S.J.C. UMSU Rep. '61-'62, Dingwall Debator, U. Athletic Director, Pres. of U. Women's Sports Council, Chairman of Western U. Students' Athletic Committee, U. Women's Rifle Champ. And on top of it all she has been an enthusiastic curler and volleyball player, has kept up her scholastic standing, and has thrown the best parties S.J.C. will ever see. Finally this year Kappa Kappa Gamma caught up to her — more work! And she's not finished yet. This dynamic ball of energy intends to study languages at U.C.L.A. No! — she hasn't had time to get married!



DONALD ROSS

Mr. Donald Malcom Garfield Ross, a man noted for his dignity and sobriety. Who, our Don?? St. John's prize fire-bell ringer as well as football and basketball star (?). Our UMSU rep. in '61-'62, Don is a typical member of Zeta Psi Fraternity — Married? — No. Number of Children —? Interests: girls. Future: law (Heaven help decaying Justice!)



PAT BROWN

Pat, a Johnian for the past two years, calls Manitou her home town. Interests: either she hasn't any orthey're not the kind that can be made public. Which is it, Pat? Upon completion of her B.A., she hopes to enter the profession of social work — how social, Pat?



LYNN SMALL (NOW PATE)

This has to be penned before the happy event toward which the whole College has been watching the trend. "Bon voyage!" Lynn and David. We know at least one reason why it will be "bon": Lynn's effervescent good humour and energetic enjoyment of life all the time she has been among us. She worked off some of her steam by being busy on the Chapel committee, Canterbury Club executive, Chapel choir, Missionary Society and IVCF executive. Another of Lynn's attributes is a healthy intellectual curiosity which on one occasion caused her to ask a question in class which must not be printed here—even in Greek!!



HUGH GORDON

A great guy! Hugh, as the capable and enthusiastic Captain of Machray House has been responsible for much of the spirit in St. John's this year. In addition to his duties as House Captain he has managed to find time for curling, bridge, basketball, flag football, bridge, badminton, soccer, bridge and PING PONG. As an avid supporter of "Zorro" Hugh brought culture, dignity and a corpse to the debating society of St. John's. Interests: only one and she's a charmer. Future: a degree in education — for the rest, ask his Interest!



ELEANOR AMY

A girl of notes, Eleanor has pursued her musical interests by participating in St. John's Commemoration Choir and the University Choral Society. She has also been an active member of the Canterbury Club. Future plans - a course in Education at the U. of M.



SHARON HOPKINSON

This popular miss from Flin Flon is the President of the St. John's Women's Residence. During three years at St. John's, Sharon has been on the basketball and swimming teams and has been the Brown and Gold Rep for the College. She finds time to play the piano, and plans to teach in the near future.



The girl whose beautiful red hair is the envy of the college. During her 4 years at St. John's, June has been active in the Rifle Club (practising to shoot down her man?). Interests: piano. Future: off to California to begin a career in social work or to take post grad work at Occidental College.



JUDITH MARLEY

Be the weather fair or foul, Judy has a cheerful smile for everyone — and always seems to get one in return. During her three years at St. John's, she has taken part in all intramural sports, has played varsity basketball for UMSU, and, in spare hours, has worked as a swimming instructor. But her interests extend beyond the realm of sports: for several years now she has been a Girl Guide Captain. Future plans: to enter the field of education.

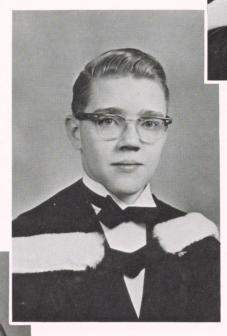


PAT PISNOOK

Pat and Sports Great! The fantastic Pisnook team (Pat and Carol) can make almost any team unbeatable and in her 3 years at S.J.C. Pat has often done just that. She has taken part in all intramural sports and was Senior Sports Rep. for St. John's in '62-'63. The intercollegiate basketball team has had her invaluable aid for 3 years straight. As Vice-President of the Women's Sports Council she has shown her ability as a leader and organizer as well as a player. Future: a career in Education.



Schmedley, who has majored in bridge and minored in ping pong, says he is a native of York, England. During the 4 years he has been at S.J.C., he has managed between lectures to squeeze in activities such as soccer, basketball, curling, and debating. A man of outstanding and uncanny ability to do no work and yet pass exams, Rich (Pash! No.1) belched forth the '61-'62 edition of the college paper. For the future he anticipates attending law school for his LLB and then specializing — in crime.



JOYCE MARINGER

The only Johnian who can eat a whole meal with a piece of gum in her mouth and have the gum come out unscathed! During her 3 years at St. John's, Joyce has been an active member of the Rifle Club (convenor for S.J.C.) and has willingly lent her vocal talents to the Choral Society. Interests: money (underlined twice), music (classical and folk), sports and food. Future: a career in teaching with those lovely long vacations to be spent globe trotting.



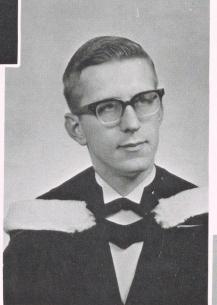
John, a future Sam Benedict, has been at S.J.C. for the past four years. On the Johnian staff and in charge of sales this year, you have John to thank for your having bought this yearbook. He has participated in curling and flag football for St. John's and in the summer, he can be found in or on the water on water-skis. With his experience in the University Mock Parliament, the future may see John in the House of Commons as your Member of Parliament — a lawyer turned politician.





LOREEN LUND

Loreen, a former school teacher, hails from out west, Kelvington, Sask. to be precise. Before entering St. John's this year, she attended U. of M. for a year and prior to this taught for a number of years with the Indian Affairs Dept. of Manitoba. Upon graduation this year she plans to return to the field of education. Interests: music and travelling; she hopes to utilize those very welcome and well-earned summer vacations by seeing the world.



BRIAN KENNY

Another northerner at S.J.C., (from the thriving town of Flin Flon), Brian has been a Johnian for the past three years. While at the College, he has been an officer of the Residence House Executive and in the past he debated for St. John's, formally he said, (i.e. with gown). Regarding sports he has participated in hand ball, golf, and curling with UMSU. Interest: Classical piano and drama. For the future: Brian looks to education for a career — perhaps he'll one day be a music and drama teacher.

MARION ELRICK

A Johnian for the past four years, Marion enjoys participating in bowling, skating and badminton. Her skill and intelligence can be verified by the interest she takes in chess. After achieving her B.A. Marion anticipates a career in teaching and like many other Johnians, she plans to "see the world."

SHIRLEY HOGUE

Just at St. John's for the past year, Shirley gave the Choir assistance with the Carol Service last November. Experienced in the teaching and newspaper world — a school teacher in Winnipeg and the magazine editor of the Free Press Weekly. (Why wasn't she on the *Johnian* staff??) With a B.A. in one hand and our *Johnian* in the other (what else!) she hopes to return to the field of education next fall.



LYNN BRANDT

Four years ago Dauphin sent St. John's Lynn Brandt. Four years she has lived in Women's Residence — a momentous feat! And her cheery smile and gay carefree manner have indeed made residence life a finer thing. The tumultuous warfare of Women's Res. has made no mark on her, even though she spent one term as Secretary of the House Council. No broken brooms have resulted from her participation in Women's Res. curling. Ah, sweet mystery of Brandt! The Choral Society has benefited through her voice and the Canturbury Club this year has Lynn as Mademoiselle President, culminating a Canturbury career. Lynn leaves us to travel and eventually to educate.



This is Jean's first and last year at the college. She has been working towards her degree at night and summer school while teaching P.E. to Junior High girls at St. James Collegiate. Next year she hopes to return to the Collegiate to teach high school. Married? Very — with two children, one of whom (Fran) is presently attending the college. Comment: 'Have you read all that stuff yet?'



MARY WATSON

Mary (Mrs. Arthur C. Watson) came to St. John's this year to complete her B.A. with several years of teaching experience behind her. How she has managed to study with two sons tearing around the house we will never know (of course, we don't know how old the sons are!) Next year she plans to return to teaching in the Seven Oaks School District.



OMAIDA SHAH

Three years ago Omaida left the warm and balmy climate of San Fernando, Trinidad to brave Winnipeg's north winds and polar climate. Since then her main interest has been trying to keep warm. When not engaged in this time-consuming occupation, she has been studying towards her B.A. and taking an active part in the Rifle Club. Comment: 'Please, please, my surname is spelt S-h-a-h'. Future plans: She hopes to teach in her home town.





AGNES ARNOLD

For the past year our Residence has enjoyed and benefited from the warmth and charm of Agnes Arnold. Unfortunately (from our point of view anyway), this was her first and last year with us. With her B.A. clutched firmly in one hand she was back on the 'job' May 1st—Co-ordinator of Elementary Education for Seven Oaks School Division No. 10.



DIANE HEAD

Diane, from the thriving metropolis of St. Vital, has been a Johnian these past four years. Interests: when she's not grinding for that sought after B.A., Diane enjoys music, skating and bowling. Like many, many Johnians she looks to Education for a career and then hopes to travel o'er the world. (Perhaps St. John's should set up its own travel agency.)



This charming native of Portage la Prairie has survived the last two years in St. John's Residence, following her previous two years at Brandon College. Sharon has showed her ability in sports—curling and playing basketball for Machray House. She has also been an active participant in Tabloid and is a member of the U. Rifle Club. With the future tentatively set in the field of education (perhaps she'll be a social worker instead), Sharon looks forward to a possible enrolment in the faculty of Education next year.



After spending 1961-62 in the U. Residence, Angela saw the light — she has spent the past year adding much needed culture to our Res. with her interest in Art. Her ability at conversation (she's the talkative type) will be put to good use if she carries through her plans for a teaching career. On the other hand she says she may return to do graduate work in English. In either case, her loquaciousness will surely be utilized profitably.

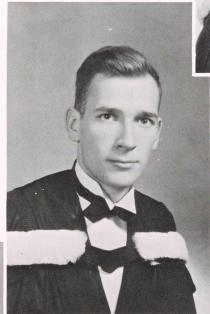


LINDA JOHNSON

Hailing from the powerful town of Pine Falls, Manitoba, Linda is an avid curler (aren't they all) and an ambitious ping-pong player. Kappa Kappa Gamma has been fortunate in acquiring her as a member — she has served them as activities chairman '61-'62 and as membership chairman '62-'63. After earning her B.A. she plans to follow in the footsteps of the Lady with the Lamp and to enter nursing in Vancouver.

NEIL FORSYTH

Neil comes to us from that great metropolis of Souris. He has spent a total of three years at the College where he has been majoring in History and Political Science. As a member of the campus residence, he has taken active part in their activities. Bowling and curling have rounded out his year. Playing golf is his greatest interest. His plans for the future are undecided at the moment — perhaps a career in education or an M.A. in History.



LOIS FLETT

Lois, a member of Pi Beta Phi sorority, (and obviously a fine one) has been the pledge trainer and the delegate to the sorority's convention at Washington, D.C. For old S.J.C. she has participated in volleyball and ping-pong during the four years she's been a Johnian. With her major in History she tentatively plans to enter the field of teaching but her interest in and way with people will be an enormous help if she decides instead to do personnel work.



BERTRAM SMITH

As the Barbados' gift to S.J.C., Bernie has proved his athletic abilities as captain of our much improved soccer team. He also likes ping-pong and cricket and is a member of the Manitoba Cricket Association. During his 4 years at St. John's his energies have been directed towards the campus; he has been a member of the United Nations Club, the West Indies Student Federation of which he was secretary during 1961-62, and the International Students Organization of which he was an executive member during 1960-61. Next year he hopes to take Public Administration at Carleton University, Ottawa. After that it's back to Bridgetown or -----



ELIZABETH WALLACE

Leading lady of this year's UMSU Glee Club production "Guys and Dolls," Liz has been active in other theatrical productions for the university as well as Rainbow Stage. During her four years at St. John's, she has participated in volleyball, skits and the choir; her busy life also includes Kappa Kappa Gamma. Fascinated by the world of the live theatre, the future will find her combining the stage with the more plebian pursuit of kindergarten teaching.

FRANCES PETERMAN

This vivacious gal has spent three years at St. John's working towards her B.A. Frances has appeared in the Glee Club productions for the past three years and is also a talented classical pianist; in fact, her interests in music extend to everything but folk music. Fran played volleyball during 1962-63, and although she can't stand up on skates, she was Girls' Hockey star! The future is decided: Frances is planning on becoming an educated bum — a wide field!! Good luck!

GRADUANDS B. Sc.



JOCELYN BURGESS

Joey has been at St. John's for four years, and is known by everyone for her warmth and friendliness. During her years at St. John's Jocelyn has been active in the Chapel Committee and Canterbury, as well as belonging to the Science Lunch Pool. During her third year and fourth years she has been a most helpful and capable chemistry lab demonstrator. She enjoys swimming and canoeing and is a member of the Alpha Phi Sorority. Her plans for next year are uncertain but with her warm personality, efficiency and willingness we are sure that she will make a success of anything and everything that she does in the future.



RON PEILUCK

Ron, a budding scientist, is perhaps already on the road to fame — he has done research in physical chemistry for the last two years. While a Johnian he was the hockey coach for four years (and played, too!) and participated in football and volleyball for St. John's. In fact, he holds the College Athletic Award. He not only shines in sports but also in the academic field — he won a Dept. of Education Bursary. Interests: mechanics (just mechanics:) Future: this fellow has his future all mapped out — he plans to take Business Administration at the U. of Washington and then plans to work for the research department of the C.P.R.

GRADUANDS B .A. (HONS.)



MARGARET ALLEN

Honours English. Chief interests: mediaeval English Literature and at least for 1962-63 looking after Women's Residence (and most successfully at that), where she has become a metaphysical (and sometimes literal) Florence Nightingale. Crown Zellerbach Scholar 1962-63, so should be returning for M.A. Aim: some area of teaching, preferably at the university level. Don't be misled by an appearance of Griselda: there is strength and dedication underneath, plenty of it.

BRUCE NESBITT

Honours English! Chief interests: the novels of Grove, rewriting *Tradition in Exile*, applying for fellowships. Senior Student 1962-63 after two years on UMSU Council. A first class organizer both of himself and of other people, though often ruthless with both. A natural leader, and as such one of St. John's gifts to the Canadian military services. Aim: academic or political, perhaps after a period of wandering, geographically at any rate: might carry the banner of St. John's under the Southern Cross. A seeming fusion of Ahab and John Paul Jones: "Whoso toucheth me touches a man."





DON JEWISON

Honours English! Chief interests: modern literature of all kinds, but the more dramatic the better; if it is esoteric it is really worthwhile; if no one else has read it, it is first class. Thinks clearly with his feelings and emotions. Future: unstated though probably not unprintable: could become a Werther or a Byron; but also a strong upholder of mountainous C.P.R. hotels and full of stories of the great and near great. Seems to have seen everyfilm presented in Winnipeg in the last two years. He has still time for human affections.

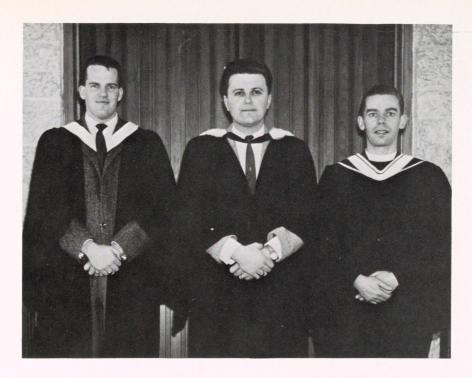
MELBA CUDDY

Honours English! Chief interests: a wide fusion from Vaughan to soloist to T.S. Eliot, from singing with Waterman's warblers through pianism and a dislike of the violin to becoming one of the few female bassoonists in Western Canada (or should it be bassoonières?). Future: undecided; may be academic, may be musical, maybe a combination of both in musicology. Holder of College scholarship 1962-63. To paraphrase Milton, 'Melba of gracious mother, gracious child.'' No interest in either peaches or toast.



JACK FINNBOGASSON

Ask Jack where he's from and he replies "Bissett". And where's that? — he lucidly responds, "North" and at the same time points west. More recently Jack is from United College where he completed his fourth year in a double honours program in History and English. Hefinds that a full slate of fifth year courses doesn't give him enough to complain about so he has taken on the extra task of marking history papers. "Another two-hundred came in today. I'll never have time to read them all guess I'll have to go back to marking by length again." One day while we were at coffee I asked him if he thought there was any marked difference between United and St. John's. "Think?", he replied, 'who has time to think? All I do is read Browning for Wenk and translate Anglo-Saxon for Mrs. Stobie."



GRADUANDS: THEOLOGY

MURDITH MCLEAN

Rigor, sharpness, and clarity of mind characterizes this theological student. Coming to St. John's from philosophy at Alberta, he has put such training to good use both in relation to his own study and in his ability to serve the College as a teaching-fellow. He is one of the growing group of those theologs who have truly been at home with the faculty and fellow students alike. Student drama and Air Force Reserve have compounded the degree to which it could be said his full attention was captured by his studies. In spite of his getting married midway through his course, it should be noted that his lectures in second-year philosophy, even at 8:30 AM, continued to be popular, especially among the co-eds.

ALLEN SIMMS

Substance and presence of person are the marks of this theological student. In every class one finds one of those solid as bed-rock figures who are destined for the greatness of genuine service. With dignity and concern he has displayed his ability with the Reading of the Service and Lessons. He has sampled well the variety of theological subjects — even the intricacies of the Hebrew language; he may well "speak in the tongues of men and of angels". A Nova Scotian by birth, but a Johnian by training, he has the all-round makings of a good parish minister. Even his demonstrated ability to lead his fellow theologs around the golf course will thus not go in vain. The addition of a wife and son have firmed up the base for his concluding years as a student.

ALLEN HOSKING

Versatility of excellence distinguishes this theological student. He came to St. John's with a cluster of bachelor's degrees — Arts and Education from Alberta, and Journalism from Carleton — and these skills he has integrated into an impressive record recognized in that large group of prizes and scholarships he has attained. Here is a man at home in our modern secular world as represented by his days with one of this city's newspapers, who turned in the maturity of a full life to a steadfast and persistent quest of the Christian faith and its vocational implications. The richness of this life is enhanced by his wife and their daughter.

VALEDICTORY:

Your Grace, Honored Guests, Ladies and Gentlemen:

As Valedictorian it is my privilege to take twenty minutes or so to say publicly what most people can say for themselves in two minutes; that is, goodbye and thank you. All the real goodbyes will be said privately, the way they should be said; and I suppose that this is sort of the outward and audible sign of what every graduand will be doing for himself in the coming weeks. The only reason there can therefore be for making this speech so extended is surely that it is to be funny or inspiring. Modesty compels me to say that I who wrote this address know it to be neither, but honesty compels me to admit that I intended it to be both.

At long last, for some of us at very long last, it is time to bid a fond farewell to St. John's College. (You can tell that this introduces the inspirational portion of my discourse). A certain nostalgia is inevitable, and the urge to recall the countless ways in which the College has changed us in our years here is almost irresistable. There are little changes, such as the fact that many of us will never again be able to regard a bunny rabbit with the same dispassionate glance as before. And there are the greater changes wrought by meeting people, students and faculty. Who, for instance, will ever forget the sheer beauty of Prof. Wood's pronunciation of the accusative plural of the Greek noun "pater"? You know, Sir, they'll be asking you the rest of the evening for that word, and I'd like to know what you're going to say. It may be a little early for this, but the theological students have begun a subscription for Dr. Pickering's tombstone with the epitaph, "Did I want to see you?"

One could reminisce endlessly about that modern miracle of acoustical engineering, the Men's Residence. On the soft Spring evenings we would turn up Paul Dyment's record player and lie outside on the lawn listening to the Men's Residence. We shared the joys and the sorrows of all our brothers. (This is VERY inspirational, you'll notice.) The joys of good music, and a thirst for knowledge. I said knowledge. The sorrows of flunked exams, and every Friday night in the dining room, the piece of cod which passeth all understanding.

In our time, the typical organizing power of the College was expressed in the formation of the House System; and the pioneer spirit was expressed in the formation of the "out-house". Prof. Jamieson, in addition to filling the office of Chief Deviser of Noxious and Objectionable Gases for NATO, served an illustrious term as President of the Privy Council to the outhouse.

Who will forget the day when Prof. Coakley, while collecting his thoughts for a Tudor history lecture, claims he was arrested for unlawful assembly?

I said earlier that the impulse to recall all these fond memories of our student days is ALMOST irresistable. I said "almost", because unlike most valedictorians, I'm not going to indulge the impulse. Neither shall I give in to the urge to contemplate the future of this budding College. I could, if it were my intention, envisage the St. John's College of 1980. I could imagine the buildings enclosing a quadrangle of lush lawn and trees, where the new department of ancient and modern dance, under the headship of Prof. A.M.C. Waterman Ph.T., holds its summer school classes. In a classroom overlooking the quad, Dean Brodersen conducts the most popular class on the campus, entitled "What the Resolution in the Prof's Debate of 1963 REALLY Was", (later to be the subject of three Royal Commissions). In another classroom, the Warden is explaining to a class of unemployed "chapel-building-men" the ontological possibility of becoming "classroom-building-for-nothing-men". Dr. Pickering devotes his time to writing hymns with unsingable tunes composed entirely of "last verses"; for our Matins service.

I COULD foresee all this, but I won't. Meanderings of this kind would just be silly, and a Valedictory, as everyone knows, should be basically serious. If I'm really supposed to say goodbye and thank you to the College on behalf of us who expect to graduate, I should try and say what profound things have happened to us in the classrooms and the coffee shop that make us Johnians till we die, and maybe I should even say that some of us found out something about God while we were here. To try to talk about these things would, very frankly, be embarrassing. Even if we are only to love people and not things, it is quite proper to say that many of us love St. John's. Let me, on behalf of the Graduating Class of '63, leave it there. We are glad and grateful for our years here, and sorry to go; let our private goodbyes say the great deal that is left. Since tradition dictates that I close with a quotation, may I quote my own words of a minute ago; "Goodbye, and thank you".

6,0104 ACT

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Our Oueen - Karen Jurgens

FRESHIE WEEK

Freshie Week 1962-63 was a tremendous success. Thanks to the well-organized program, the co-operation between the administration and the committee, and the very enthusiastic Freshmen and Senior Students who turned out for the activities. Freshie Week '62 left an indelible mark on our college and gave each of us some very happy memories.

Wakonda held its "Welcome Frosh Fashion Show" for women and the men held their stag on the Monday evening preceding registration day. Our extremely effective sponsor system ensured that many new Johnians were on hand for these events pointing towards an exciting week ahead.

Registration Day at SJC possibly made the most lasting impression. Senior Students and professors were always available with a ready answer and a relaxing attitude. Booths were arranged in the Main Common Room and inquiring Frosh formed a line to buy their beanies, to get assigned to Houses, to inquire about sponsors, gas pools, NFCUS, sports, debating, Johnian (plug) and so many other activities, all offered at St. John's. We even kept our Senior Stick busy selling gowns, taking used book orders and meeting our new Johnians. We certainly tried to make you feel at home — we hope we succeeded.

Tuesday night, UMSU held its annual *Bonfine* and *Sing Song*. Afterwards most retired to the Sammies Open House. Several Frosh attended Johnian parties, and one Freshman even dared to wear Constable Beale's hat (pilfered in a rash of Johnian spirit).

Wednesday night came quickly, registration was over and now Frosh settled down to the serious task of *Freshie Walk*. This year our motley little crew were divided into miserably small groups and whipped by one of our austere intelligentsia into collecting various objects or persons as part of the Scavenger Hunt. Fort Garry and Fort Rouge were invaded and when they returned to the hallowed halls, the Frosh

had an odd assortment of stop signs, incense burners, lingerie and even a lock of Dr. Landon's hair (as a babe of course). One might say that the Freshies arrived back at the college even more motley than when they set out. In this state, they served coffee and donuts to their "worthy seniors". This was a night to remember because Frosh learned not only Johnian songs but also charades, and other games at the Song Fest. And who will ever forget Dean Rothery and his rendition of "My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean.".



Good Grief, Charlie Brown!! Where's Captain Hook?

Stop, Look, and Steal Some More



Thursday night was a "tame" evening compared to the previous one. It was the *Freshman Reception*, for parents, professors and students, held in the beautifully decorated Main Common Room. Next door in the Calypso room, in an atmosphere of fish nets and voodoo dolls, Johnians were "living it up." At the dance following, Bishop Anderson crowned her Majesty, lovely Karen Jurgens, Miss SJC Freshie Queen for 1962. She certainly "did us proud."

Friday night ended SJC Freshie Week activities with a bang. Kangaroo Court was conducted in ominous darkness, and to the sounds of jeers, threats and hysterics. Quivering Freshmen were ushered in to face their doom at the hands of the High Court— Murdith MacLean, Blake Wood, and Wayne Bembridge. Punishments were severe and tear-jerking Defense Attorney, Hugh Gordon had his hands full trying to defend 'the most pernicious race of odious little vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the face of the earth.' 'That in itself was enough to condemn them,' spake Prosecuting Attorney Peter Ramsay.

Mrs. Saunderson's hat, a chicken from the Aggie Barns, egg shampoos and marriage licenses were only a few of the treasures resulting from this evening of adventure.

UMSU events followed — Guys and Dolls Dance, the Interdenominational Church Service and the Admission Ceremony.

Freshie Week activities were climaxed by the *Freshie Parade* and the *Royal Première*. SJC's float 'the Confused Freshman' in the 'Wonders of the World' parade theme, although not a winner, certainly showed signs of good hard work and we were very proud of it. Our new banner proudly decked our trailer as it went along Portage Avenue preceded by a yellow 1929 open Pontiac carrying our Freshie Queen. We sure looked great!

Saturday saw the U of M Brown and Gold game and in the evening, the Première, the crowning of Miss Freshie Queen, Lee Scott, representing dentistry.

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Freshie Week comes and goes so quickly that all we have left of these days are a beanie, a banner, some posters and many wonderful memories. However Freshie Week does not end on September 23 but rather continues right to the final day of classes. We must get to know each other in order to produce the best spirit, teams and sportsmanship from our College. Unless we do, Freshie Week hasn't meant a thing. Remember in everything you do, you're a Johnian and we all pull together.

For all your invaluable help, I offer my sincere appreciation to everyone on the Freshie Committee, to our willing Seniors and enthusiastic Freshmen. From you, I learned that our motto "In Lumine tuo Videbimus Lumen" is truly living motto of a Johnian.



Down the Aisle

Myra Macoomb.

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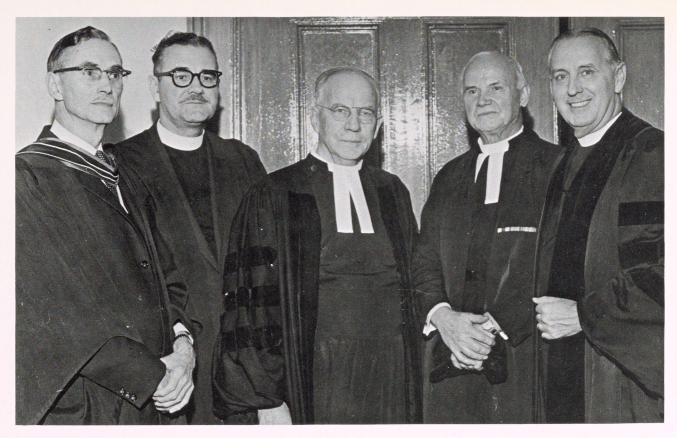
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hnis College Taren Turgens



Those honoured at the Convocation Ceremony were (left to right) Dr. Arthur Lloyd Wheeler, The Rev'd Ernest Emil Bruder, the Right Reverend Hugh Alexander McLeod, The Rev'd Ramsay Armitage, and The Rev'd Terence John Finlay.

COMMEMORATION AND CONVOCATION

The College held its annual service of thanksgiving and Commemoration of Founders and Benefactors on All Saints' Day (November 1) at St. John's Cathedral. The service began with the solemn procession which included the Bishop Suffragan, the College Warden, the clergy of the Diocese, the faculty of the College, and the choir, all joining in the stirring and traditional "Ye watchers and ye holy ones" and "Alleluia! sing to Jesus!"

The Rev. T.J. Finlay, D.D., of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York City, New York, formerly of this Diocese, preached the sermon.

He very effectively drew into his address the commemorative theme of the service and led us to see the significance of the sacrifices made in the past by the unnumbered host of men and women who gave to the West their spiritual inheritance — both those whose names are remembered and the multitude who remain nameless.

Everyone is challenged — commemoration and thanks

Everyone is challenged — commemoration and thanks are not enough — we must recognize our part in this heritage. We must carry on the great principles and ideals which Christianity has given to the world and which we have received from the past. Christian witness is important in everyday life. We are being tempted today by materialism, atheism, secularism and Communism and we must stand up to and overcome these challenges. The sermon was dramatic and original and worthy of deep thought.

The college choir was under the direction of Duncan Wallace.

The service was followed by luncheon in the Parish Hall and the annual meeting of the College Convocation Committee. At the meeting, Bruce Nesbitt and Barbara Black, Senior and Lady Sticks, Dr. Landon our Warden, and Rev. C. Rothery, Executive Secretary, reported on activities at the College and plans for the future.

In the evening, the ninety-sixth annual Convocation Ceremony was held in the Residence Auditorium of the University of Manitoba. At this time, Honorary Degrees of Doctor of Divinity were awarded to the following:

The Right Reverend Hugh Alexander McLeod, M.A., B.D., D.D., LL.D., former Moderator of the United Church of Canada.

The Reverend Ramsay Armitage, M.C., M.A., B.C., D.D., LL.D., former Principal of Wycliffe College, Toronto.

The Reverend Ernest Emil Bruder, B.A., B.D.,

Director, Protestant Chaplain Activities, St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D.C. The Reverend Terence John Finlay, L.Th., D.D.,

Rector of St. Bartholemew's Church, New York.

In addition, Dr. Arthur Lloyd Wheeler, Head of the Department of English at the University of Manitoba, was admitted as an honorary fellow of the college.

The Convocation Address was delivered by Rev'd. Bruder. Mr. Bruder has had extensive experience in the field of mental health; his address was both interesting and informative. He stressed the role of church and family in the prevention and cure of mental illness, and shared with a rapt audience the taped reflections of one of his patients.

The Warden spoke briefly of the past accomplishments, present position, and future plans of the college. He then proceeded to present the following awards and prizes to students of St. John's:

PRIZES AND AWARDS FOR 1961-62

PRIZES

First Year Arts And Science Prize Second Year Arts Prize Second Year Science Prize Second Year Science Prize Michael Hasinoff Third Year Arts Prize Carolyn Prescott Fourth Year Arts Prize Margaret Allen Inkster Scholarship In English Malcom Scholarship In French Barbara Pattern
Faith Johnston
MacLeod Mathematics Prize Charles Lye
Chisholm Prize In Classics
Thom Medal (for reading the Services)
Inkster Medal (for reading the Lessons)
O'Meara Prize (for Mental and Moral Philosophy)
McDonald Prize (for New Testament Exegesis) The Rev. J.E. Setter
Cassap Prize (for Church History)
Ridgeway Prize (for English Bible)
Bishop Wells Prize (for Preaching)
Cowley Prize (for General Knowledge of the English Bible) George Porthan
Wood Prize (for New Testament Thought)
Ladies' Orange Benevolent Association Prize (for highest standing in Theology 11) Alfred Hosking
Margaret Aikins Sellers Scholarship in Theology Alfred Hosking
Cassap Exhibition in Theology (for highest aggregate in Theology) Alfred Hosking
St. John's College Council Scholarships Marilyn Boyd
Carolyn Prescott
Barbara Black
Melba Cuddy

Diplomas and degrees were conferred on the following:

Bachelor Of Theology
The Reverend Anthony Michael Charles Waterman, M.A.

Licentiate In Theology
The Reverend Charles David Griggs
The Reverend Frederick William Lynch, B.A.
The Reverend James Ernest Setter, B.A.

Following the ceremony, those in attendance returned to the College for a short Conversazione.







COMMEM. BALL



The Commemoration Ball which takes place each year in connection with the Commemoration of the Founders and Benefactors of the College was held this year at the Fort Garry Hotel on Saturday, November 3rd, 1962.

Charlie Young and his musical marvels provided the harmony, while the floor show was supplied by some of our beloved and boistrous professors. Dr. Jamieson gave us his picturesque and daring version of the 'twist'. Merdith McLean, with the enthusiastic backing of Dr. Pickering and Prof. Waterman, demonstrated the finer points of the hula hop. Dean Wood introduced us to an entirely new dance entitled 'The Crawl and Follow' (he crawled and his partner followed, amassing the monetary donations prompted by his performance). General consensus is first that there MUST be an easier way of earning money, and second that it will never replace the old fashioned waltz - too hard on the knees of the pants. Nevertheless, it was the best entertainment we've seen in ages; - a big bouquet to the best showmen and professors on campus!

The great success of the Ball was thanks to students as well as profs. The turn-out was terrific and everyone joined with great enthusiasm in waltzes, jives, twists, Mexican hat dances, polkas, bunny hops — the works! For some, festivities began early and ended in the wee small hours as house and hotel parties were plentiful. The spirited nature of the latter eventuated in the disappearance of some silk-tasseled N.D.P. banners; these were finally returned to appease the wrath of the irate Fort Garry management.

A vote of thanks must go to the Social Committee — they really produced a swinger this time!





Products of a Co-ed Education!



Once upon a time, there were three bears and don't change that channel!



Twist- Ouch! - Twist- Ouch! Twist-Ouch!

REMEMBER WHEN..... CHICK TRICKS

Each year in early November just when lectures begin to drag, Wakonda, the U. of M. Women's Association, presents "Chick Tricks" as a kind of tonic and a very effective one too! It is always well supported and this year was no exception. However, it is hoped that in the future more Johnians will participate than did this year. About one hundred and fifty women students gathered in the University Residence dining room for a special dinner attended by Dean Huntingford and four judges (professors in disguise).

To work up an appetite (presuming this was necessary), groups of students made a valiant effort to out-shout each other with college and faculty yells. A pleasantly informal air was the keynote of the evening. Concluding the dinner hour, Wakonda President, Carole Bourrier, introduced the Lady Sticks and faculty representatives of the Wakonda Council.

A spirit of fun, laughter, and an occasional impromptu ad lib all contributed to the success of each of the twelve skits presented. A thrill of excitement and elation filled Johnians to hear the judges' final 'Best Skit — St. John's!" The skit was entitled 'Parental Frustration Resulting from the Improper Application of the Principles of Child Psychology" (Whew!). It portrayed a baby, none other than our Cathy Chase, mischievously switching T.V. channels much to the disgust of the parents played by Mabel Rawlins and Linda Hamilton. The resulting confusion caused humorous "run-on" announcements and advertisements such as a football reporter being cut off by a fashion commentator: "— a quarter-back, Bob Ackman. What a man! What a darling little evening bag." The various T.V. announcers were Linda Lamontagne, Linda Laughlin, Pat Gossen, Jo-Ann Shelton, Lynn Fee, Merylie Wade, Linda Donald, and Carolyn Cox.

Award for Best Actress went to Home Economics and Best Costumes to St. Paul's. Carolyn Cox, St. John's Wakonda representative, received the Dean MacKay Skit Trophy which will, we hope, spend a couple of years in our trophy case.

CHRISTMAS DANCE

Why didn't he come to our Christmas Dance? Every other year he has come and held gorgeous Johnian females on his ample knee and faithfully recorded the important data as to what kind of man they wanted in their Christmas stockings. But this year he didn't! Red-

nosed Rudolph came (or was that Bembridge?); Christmas spirit (s) flowed freely; — but the great Mr. Claus did not honour us with his presence.

Why? — this is the cry of all good little Johnians. We were all models of virtue in '62. We attended chapel every day; we spent every spare minute in the library. We never played bridge or spent more than ten minutes over coffee. We all willingly planned and supported the activities of our college and never, ever were rowdy. Why didn't he come to our Christmas Dance? He surely couldn't have believed the propaganda printed in the Belch about St. John's being the stronghold of the devil. And certainly he wouldn't have paid any attention to the complaints of Miss Brooker's neighbours. From behind our white cloaks of innocence we cry 'Injustice!' — and every time we do some fool laughs!

The only solution, it seems, is to prove to Mr. Claus by next Christmas what a rum bunch we are; then maybe he'll come again and take gorgeous Johnian females on his knee. Please, Mr. Claus, we're not that bad!

P.S. Although Mr. Claus refused to honour us with his presence, the dance was a great success. A big thank-you to Anderson House, and of course our faithful social committee for working so hard to make it swing.

THAT CRAZY PEP RALLY

That it was all right! The Pep Rally, Jan. 24th boosting the Blood Drive, the hockey game and the Mardi Gras Dance Jan. 25th will long be remembered for the most entertaining and hillarious pep rally S.J.C. has seen in a long time. Don Ross, the M.C., introduced Ken Ouelette and Rich Condie, back again with 'a vat of chocolate'. Ken gave us a tear-jerking rendition of "The Ox-Driver's Song" while Rich took us hunting in New England with "The Three Jovial Huntsmen". Dean (I'm in the groove) Rothery and Mary Warrener (in her blue bloomers) twisted frantically for all to see. Dean Rothery did so well that he was invited to do a repeat performance at the Mardi Gras Dance the following night (in a scuba diving suit no less). Don Ross, at a loss for words, introduced the never-to-be-forgotten Machray Misses. (Oh! Those legs!) with their own version of the Folies Bergères. Hugh Gordon (or was it Rich Shead) is to be commended on his fine choreography and excellent choice of 'femmes fatales'. Last but not least by any means was S.J.C.'s winning entry in Chick Tricks, demonstrating their remedy for "dry, lifeless hair" and revealing their secret to make the boys 'breath deeply three times'.

Seriously, though the Pep Rally was great; it had to be seen, to be believed or appreciated. All who had a hand or foot in it, deserve a round of applause for brightning up that cold month of January with their efforts.



Magistrate Rice: "Simply Obscene!"



Over exuberant Johnians.



Well, he 'fell into a vat of chocolate''.



BRANDON:

THEY CAME HERE

Saturday, November 17, 1962, was a red letter day for Brandon College as they invaded the hallowed halls of St. John's College. 80 Brandonites disembarked from two buses about three o'clock in various states of glee.

UMSU was the scene of the various sports activites. SJC's girls blasted Brandon 15-4 and 15-4 in women's volleyball. Star members of the winning team included Ardis Brooker, captain, Lynne Cosgrove, Barb Black, Signey Hansen and Joanne Shelton. In men's volleyball, Spiker Frayer and Don Ross led SJC to 2 more victories 15-7 and 15-2. To get even, Brandon suggested a mixed volleyball game; under their rules, we lost15-12. For the last sports event of the afternoon, Sharon Hopkinson scored 6 points in a losing cause, as SJC went down to defeat 17-11 in a women's basketball game.

A buffet supper back at the College was next. Judy Thompson and Rosemary Allison had solicited salads and pies from willing Johnians for the dinner which Brandon received quite warmly.

After supper came the sports highlight of the day. Garth Mitchell and his "moon-equipped" team downed a well-organized Brandon team 48-37. Some of the SJC standouts included Winston Smith, Dave Bell, Keith Morley, Keith Ible, Cam MacCarthur, Don Rogers and Jim Bulloch.

The Residence Social Committee then took over and the Common Room was the scene of one of the best dances ever held at SJC. It was too bad that more Johnians weren't out. About 11:30, the buses arrived back on the campus for Brandon's trip home.

WE WENT THERE

January 19, 1963 was a day like all days, filled with those events that alter and illuminate our time and 48 Johnians and Marshall Rothstein were there — where? Why, at Brandon College of course! For a measley \$165, Bill "Austerity" Houston was able to engage

two Eagle Buses for the excursion that included a well-timed stopover at Portage la Prairie.

En route, both buses were noisy with "music"! On No. 1 bus — Peter Ramsay on a four stringed guitar and Bob Moody on the bongoes; on No. 2 bus — Warren Cooper humming to himself; and "singing" on No. 1 — St. John's answer to the Lennon Sisters — Wendy Bracken, Linda Donald, Barb Black, Joan Littlewood,

Ardis Brooker and Lynne Holmes; on No. 2 the crew with "Off we go into the wild blue yonder — CRASH"!

Overheard on No. 1: Bill Houston 11 miles this side of Brandon. "Oh, we'll be making a short stop for those of you who asked for it". Donnie Rogers: "Gee, this apple stuff tastes good." Marilyn Boyd, on No. 2: "Hey, Gail (Taylor) brought along her pyjamas." Frances Cameron, "Guess she's more modest than the rest of us!"



About 1:30 we arrived at Vincent Massey Collegiate (in Brandon) and the proceedings started to procede. St. John's mixed volleyball team lost two out of three games, thanks to the scorekeeper, who couldn't keep score. In men's volleyball, Brandon's superiority overwhelmed the 'spirited' Johnians in two straight games 15-9, and 15-7. St. John's women set the record straight as they 'yukked' their way to 15-0 and 15-13 scores. In between, Brandon's Capettes won 15-2 (SJC was playing seriously).

Before supper, there was girls' basketball (of sorts). Linda Donald scored 2 points and Fran Cameron one. Even though we lost 29-3, it was still a good game. Joan Littlewood dazzled the Capettes completely with her superior ball handling, and as for Ardis, well, she dazzled

everyone.

After supper in the Brandon Residence Cafeteria, Pete Ramsay got the hiccups and tried to drink a glass of water with his head inverted,

and Doug Goudie bid and made seven spades.

In the boys' basketball game that followed, Donnie Rodgers was high man, scoring 17 points, Bill Malcom scored 8 and Pete Ramsay got 5 points as SJC went down to defeat 52-30. Among the illustrious playing for St. John's were Dave Frayer who warmed the bench, Bill Houston, "the white phantom," "Schmedley" Shead; Winston "Hoop" Smith, Barry "Jacques Plante" Oliver; and St. John's answer to everything, Bob Moody.

After the game, a real swingin' dance was held in Brandon's canteen where everyone twisted and waltzed, and Bob Moody limboed. About 11:30, 48 weary but "spirited" Johnians climbed aboard the two Eagle buses and headed for home. A little snowstorm slowed the progress and for some twenty people in Bus No. 2, running out of gas didn't help

either.

Memorable Moments:

Bill Malcom – Ardis, you choked, turn in your sweatshirt.

Linda Paully – I'm not going to school Monday, but if I do, smile.

Marshall Rothstein—I've been in conference all day.

Dawny Kay Kwiatkoski – Hello, Dad, I'm in Portage la Prairie.

Winston Smith – Thanks for the coffee, Bob.

— a day like all days, filled with those events that alter and illuminate our times, and we were there!









Look what Bob dug up - a real stiff.

MARDI GRAS DANCE



She departed with my spirits!!

On January 25, Machray House threw a dance that brought more weird and funny people out to St. John's than ever before. You could dance with a mummy, a devil, a mad chemist, a clown, a doctor, a Scotch-man, Mickey Mouse, a fair Indian maid, just about anyone. It was the Mardi Gras Dance!

Our Common Room was the scene of this colorful evening. Streamers and balloons decorated the ceiling; on each table was a biography of Archbishop Machray dug out of some old books in the workshop; along with these previously unopened books were candles atop empty beer bottles to create atmosphere.

There was more than stereo music for this dance; about 10:30, a West Indian Steel Band arrived and filled the air with music from Trinidad. Limbo, twist, waltz, and foxtrot music provided Johnians with a chance to show their stuff. Dr. Jamieson won the limbo contest, and no doubt his prize of a bottle of Minard's liniment was put to good use.

Dawny-Kay Kwiatkoski won the best costume award; she came as Bobby's Mummy, her prize -a flea collar. Bruce Nesbitt came as ''departed spirits''with a sheet over him and around his neck, two empty gin bottles. For his efforts he was given a piggybank to keep council's money.

It was a fun-filled evening for all (with the exception of Dawne Fraser who couldn't find Hugh). Machray House is to be congratulated for throwing the best dance ever.



Roar, tiger, roar!

From fools to palms but ooh! that transition piece!!





For goodness sakes! What will my Mommy say?

SNOW

CARNIVAL

"So you want to know what it was like to be St. John's Snow Queen for 1962-63! Well, I'll tell you; it was just great! February 4-9 were undoubtedly the busiest days of my life - and the hardest on my nervous system, too! Camera shy? There wasn't a chance to be, what with press pictures, TV appearances, public introductions and phenomena like golden eggs and torch parades. The dinner for the Queens and the Carnival Committee at the New Nanking was definitely the most fun. In the most horrible category, it's a toss-up between an interview on "Bob and the Teens" (during which I managed to get in exactly one word - "Right"!) and a pep rally at United College (during which I died a thousand deaths thanks to nerves and a balcony full of hecklers - all male!) The funniest moment occurred while I was advertising the Heart Fund on CKRC. There was a printing error in my script and since I had never seen it before, I read (with 'yigah''!): "How much does a healthy HEAR mean to you?" You can't win 'em all, I guess.

And what do I have to show for these happy, hectic days? A whole host of new friends, an extra ounce of self-confidence, and a very special pride in St. John's. No matter where I'd been, no matter how exciting or how busy I was, it was always so good to return to the friendly faces and the familiar gowns of St. John's. My sincere thanks to all the Johnians who made this wonderful experience possible for me."

Our charming Snow-Queen along with several other keen Johnians was out on Wednesday night to help with the building of St. John's snow sculpture. This year the college's effort was a real success with the result an impressive replica of "Three Men in a Tub" to coincide with the theme of the Snow Carnival, "Mother Goose on the Loose". The three men, Kennedy, Khrushchev, and Constable Beale, adorned our front lawn until the warm spring days took their toll and they sank into oblivion (a large muddy puddle).

Another highlight of the Snow Carnival week was the Senior Stick and Lady Stick Snow-shoe race. Bruce Nesbitt and Barb Black, entrants for St. John's, put forth an admirable showing. The climax of the week came on February 9 when the annual Sno-Ball was held at the Fort Garry Hotel. St. John's entry received an honorable mention much to our pride. Mary Johnston of United College was crowned the Snow Queen.



THE BIG THREE



OUR QUEEN
ARLEEN JOHANNESSON





CHAPEL PLAY

"Praise the Lord upon the harp! Sing to the harp a song of thanksgiving." Beaumont's *Introit* swells through the Chapel. Banner bearers move with stately pace down the aisle, followed by the strangest procession ever to enter a church — girls in plumes dispensing confetti over the embarrased heads of the audience, strange, perhaps pagan symbols borne by men in cassocks and surplices. The procession goes through its movements and leaves. Silence. Darkness. There is a heavy thud, followed by a piercing ear-shattering scream.

With this unusual series of events, curtain went up on the St. John's College Drama Society's presentation of *Who Killed Santa Claus? A Pre-Easter Phantasmagoria*, one of the most unusual and startling productions ever performed at the University of Manitoba. Also, we feel, one of the most successful.

Some weeks have now elapsed since the hectic heady evenings of February 20, 21 and 23, and discussion centered around the Chapel Play still continues. 'What did it mean?' 'Who were the women?' 'Was it a mockery?' 'Did you understand the symbolism in ...?' ad infinitum. This article is not intended as an analysis of the play. If the play has made you think, if it has made you wonder, then we succeeded in doing what we wished to do. But perhaps one hint for those who are still desperately trying to reduce

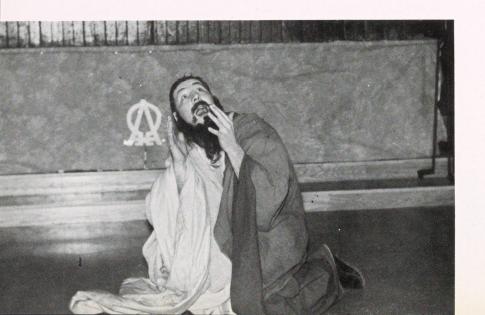
the play to a set of certain unchanging symbols. *Webster's Dictionary* defines phantasmagoria as "a shifting succession of things seen, imagined, or evoked in the imagination, as by a fever; a changing medley." "Oh," you say. "Now we understand. A fever." They were all delirious. Perhaps we were; perhaps even a little mad, but as it is written in the twenty-third verse of the fourteenth chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians:

If therefore the whole church be come together into one place, and all speak with tongues, and there come in those that are unlearned, or unbelievers, will they not say that ye are mad?

In other words, do not get so involved in figuring out the symbolism of the play that you lose sight of the real wisdom and meaning in the dialogue. Mr. Cummings has never been a man to pull any punches: "Think, only think at last the monster man is freed from his obscene humanity.", but that in no way means that he does not also understand the value of underplaying: "In this empty un-understanding world

anyone can sell knowledge." However, enough of dialogue and "What did it mean?"

The hero of the hour was that highly regarded man, our director, Mr. A.P.H. Scott from the C.B.C. It is scarcely necessary to point out that without him there would have been no Chapel Play this year. He quite literally carried the whole production, turning out his own home to supply much-needed properties, costumes, lights, etc., etc. He proved to be remarkably patient and always ready to encourage. With magni-



ficent aplomb he proceeded to do the impossible: whip an amateur production into a highly creditable and finished shape in slightly over three weeks. He was a marvellous person to work with and I think everyone learned a great deal from him.

Second only to Mr. Scott were those two very talented actors Russ Simmonds and William Krawetz. Russ and Bill are two very wonderful people and they worked extremely hard to make the play a success. They were constantly ready with encouragement and suggestions to improve the production. From them, also, we learned a great deal.

May I state here that it is perhaps unfortunate that the play could not have been presented entirely by the students of St. John's. However, circumstances forced us to take what help we could get and we were very lucky to find three such talented and willing people as Mr. Scott, Russ and Bill. The opportunity to work with professionals of such caliber is not encountered very often and it was a marvellous and rewarding experience.

Unfortunately, space does not permit me to give individual attention to all the terrific people from the Col-

lege who worked so hard to get the play on the road. Special mention, however, is due to Hugh Spencer who made an outstanding contribution. His leading role, as Santa Claus, was not an easy one, and he turned in a tip-top performance. It is hard to believe that the people you see every day are so talented. I am very happy to have been allowed the chance to work with such an enthusiastic group and very grateful for the great deal that I learned.

In conclusion let me say this. What we attempted this year was very ambitious. There are those who feel it was too ambitious. This is an attitude which disturbs me and it is hardly a fair criticism. The play was extremely successful and has been highly complimented. What has proved successful cannot possibly be labelled "too ambitious."

Special thanks go to Lynda Jewison and Merylie Wade, and best wishes to David Robertson and Ken Ouellette, co-chairmen of the Drama Society for next year.

Maureen Scott





Front Row, Left to Right: Lynn Pate, Jocelyn Burgess, Sharon Ann Quinn, Pat Brown, Melba Cuddy, Bruce Nesbitt, Pete Ramsay, Sharon Hopkinson, Omaida Shah, Lynne Brandt, Eleanor Amy, Margaret Allen. Second Row: Jean Yarwood, Shirley Hogue, June Miller, Marion Elrick, Joyce Maringer, Judy Marley, Margaret Dobbin, Pat Pisnook, Ardis Brooker, Linda Johnson, Lois Flett, Frances Peterman, Agnes Arnold, Mary Watson. Back Row: Devere Maynard, Al Hosking, John Deacon, Don Ross, Ron Peiluck, Hugh Gordon, Richard Shead, Brian Kenny, Murdith McLean, Don Jewison, Al Simms.

GRADS' FAREWELL

We have all heard the confirmed cynic loudly proclaim that miracles just don't happen in this day and age. But anyone who attended Grads' Farewell would without doubt protest with great vigour that the cynic is wrong. Somehow, in a matter of hours, those graduands so familiar to us became transformed into the gorgeous and charming ladies, the debonaire and distinguished gentlemen pictured above. How did it happen? We who gazed with awe upon the sight will never know; but we can be sure of one thing — they are as great a group as they look, and we will miss them.

But before I get immersed in soppy sentiment, I must get on with my task which is to record officially the doings in that wonderful night of Grads' Farewell. The evening began with a reception for the grads at which everyone partook of a bit of pre-dinner refreshment and wandered about chatting with friends and dignitaries. All then solemnly processed to the Dining Room and played a game called "Guess what we're getting for dinner" — a little pastime rather spoiled by the few who knew German.

The speeches which followed this exciting repast will long be remembered for their excellence and wit. The Right Reverend H.H. Clark, Archbishop of Rupertsland, skilfully chaired the proceedings with the help of a programme printed in English. Don Jewison proposed the toast to the College; Dean Brodersen replied. The toast to the Graduands was proposed by Gordon Beckett, to which Melba Cuddy replied. College awards were announced and presented by Tanny Armatage, and the

fortunate few paraded up to receive their well-deserved empty boxes (pins were supplied at a later date, I understand). And who will ever forget Murdith McLean's valedictory, offering, as was intended, both humour and inspiration. (Ed. Note: Ifyou have forgotten it, please turn to page 24).

Rev. Waterman, not to be outdone, followed with an equally witty little address, made somewhat less enjoyable by the suspense created for all of us who were anxiously awaiting the announcement of the names of our new Senior and Lady Sticks (Students?). He finally did get around to revealing the election results, and Bruce and Barb proceeded (with the kind co-operation of Dr. Jamieson) to present their symbols of office to Bob Miller and Myra Macoomb.

The Very Reverend W.E. Harrison, the guest speaker, took as his theme Commemoration, explaining its function and urging all the graduands to take an active part in it in future years.

All in all, it was an evening not soon to be forgotten. The students who proposed and replied to the toasts displayed oratorical talents we never suspected they possessed; the profs who spoke fully lived up to their reputations as the greatest and the wittiest ever. And then there were those special moments:- Bruce's presentation of the novel Hitler. A Study in Tyranny to our beloved librarian Rev. Skynner; the flurry and scurry as undergrads ran all over the hotel pulling grads from obscure corners, from the bar, and from the washrooms to assemble for picture-taking. The fun we had watching the girls trying to twist and butterfly in their floor-length gowns, and the 'gentlemen' elegantly flipping their tails each time they sat down (an art perfected after long hours of practice no doubt). And then, of course, there were those postdance get-togethers.

The evening was a bit sad perhaps: Grads' Farewells, like all good-byes, are allowed to be that. But certainly it wasn't dull!!









A LESS FORMAL FAREWELL

The annual Women's Dinner for the Graduands was held at the Shanghai Restaurant on March 13. After a delicious Chinese dinner, the toast to the College was proposed by Ardis Brooker who reminisced about her four fun-filled years at St. John's. Miss Margaret Allen, the Dean of Women, replied, relating a humourous account of the history of the College. Mrs. Stobie, the guest speaker, was the highlight of the evening. Holding the audience spellbound, she not only entertained us with her amusing characterizations but also stimulated our minds offering us many interesting ideas over which to ponder. Mrs. Stobie concluded her address with a quotation from Hamlet:

to thine own self be true, And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any MAN.

Following this Marilyn Boyd proposed the toast to the Graduands in the form of a self-composed poem. This spicy effort brought gales of laughter from the gathered assembly. Sharon Hopkinson gratefully acknowledged Marilyn's artistic tribute.

At one point in the evening Barb Black dramatically arose and, bidding Myra to do likewise, presented her with the most important insignia of her office; — the key to the Student Council Office.

Then followed the prophecies. The dinner committee had looked prophetically into the future and as the Grads rose and read their futures to the audience, we all saw in our mind's eye, each of them married, looking bedraggled, disillusioned and bewildered with five kids tagging after them.

Myra Macoomb, Lady Stick for '63-'64, Chairman of the dinner and Arlene Johanesson both must be thanked for making the dinner the success that it was.













TWO SIDES OF COLLEGE LIFE:-

THE SPIRITUAL

Again this year, a number of students at the College took a weekend off – together – and in silence.

They 'went into retreat' during the long weekend of February, and from Friday evening until late Sunday afternoon they observed a common rule of silence.

The College requires all its students of theology to participate. The remainder of the student body is invited and welcomed to share in the 'retreat' experience.

The most frequent misunderstanding of such an exercise is that it represents an 'escape — and from reality.' This is true only in the sense that the retreatant, for a short space of time, leaves off his daily routine, which if he is honest with himself can get quite hectic and quite unthinking.

The basic fact behind a 'retreat' however, is that those who participate take on another routine. And implicit in the work itself is the suggestion that a 'retreat' is not basically an 'escape', but a 'step backward'—and in this case, 'for another look.' The retreatant has sometime for another look at himself, at what he is doing, and at where he is going. And the second basic fact, which becomes very apparent to anyone who participates in the 'retreat', is that the retreatant is not alone; rather, he is sharing a common experience. Silence need not separate us; in this case, it unites.

All Christians are called to know, to love and to worship the God who is revealed to them in Jesus Christ. The 'retreat' offers a new and a different opportunity to exercise this calling. Consequently, those who participate in the retreat share in the Service of Holy Communion, and have other set periods of worship and of prayer.

The thoughts and prayers and reading of the group are led by a retreat master who gives a series of addresses, usually drawn on a central theme. This year the retreat master was Archbishop Philip Carrington. His five addresses were arranged around selected passages from St. Matthew's gospel. Very simply, he asked those on the retreat to "spend this time with Jesus". He led our thoughts into a new awareness of the meaning of our discipleship. The Archbishop in his first address symbolized his whole intention for the retreat by placing on the altar a portion of a fisherman's net which is a prized possession acquired during his pastoral ministry to Newfoundland. He also led the noon-day intercessions during which those on retreat asked that prayers be offered for particular needs and for particular persons.

Those who were on retreat are grateful to Dr. W.S.F. Pickering for the organization of its many details and for his reading during meal-times of the delightful classic, Don Camillo and His Little Flock.

THE COMICAL

If we offend, it is with our good will

That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,

That is the true beginning of our end.

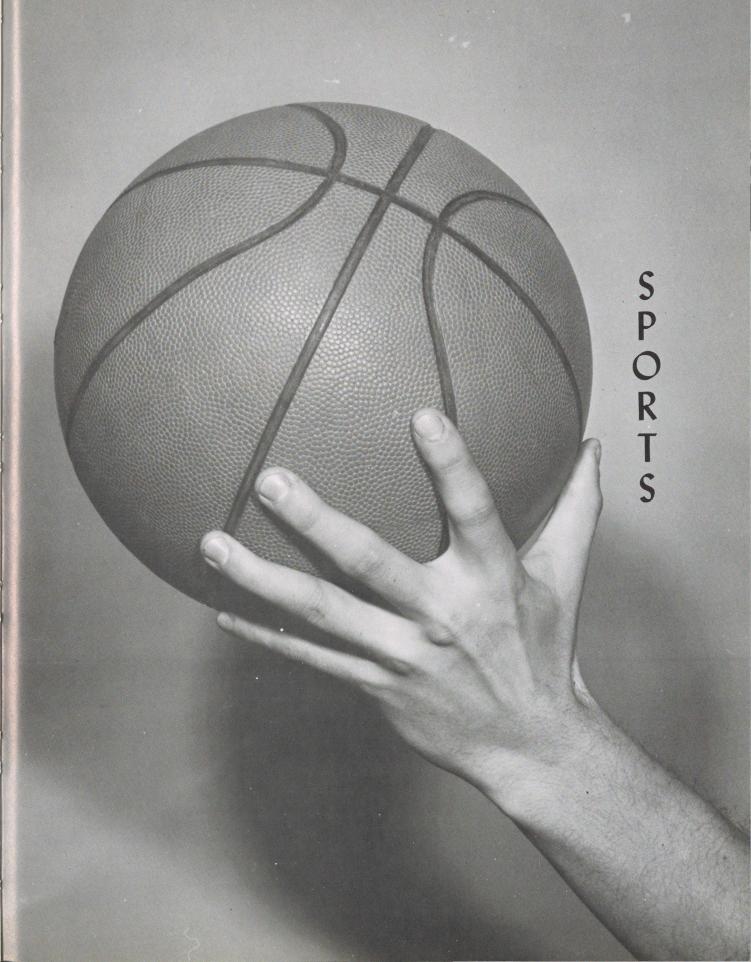
So spake Mrs. Greatrex as Stratford came to St. John's last term in the guise of the renowned Staff Players who presented their own interpretation of the love story of Pyramus and Thisbe from Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream".

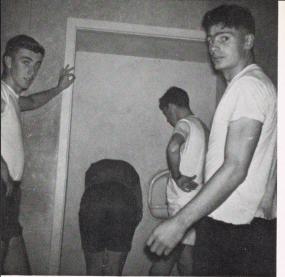
Loud acclaim and hysteria (if there had been aisles the students would have been rolling in them) greeted the actors as they entered the Common Room. Their costuming illustrated that a great deal of originality and care had been required and expended in order to assemble the paraphernalia for this special production. With the prologue finished, the play began.

True to the tradition of the Elizabethan stage, a male played the part of the female lover. Lacking a lithe youth, Thisbe was portrayed by our own Mr. Fox-Decent whose deep sonorous voice blended well with that of his co-star, Dean Wood as Pyramus. Standing

for the wall was Prof. Reed whose fingers formed the chink though not too well. However, this was corrected and the two lovers wereable to continue their enamours. Major Kent, Moonshine, dragged his little dog forlornly after him while in his other hand he carried, supposedly a thorn-bush and a flashlight (the moon's beams), himself being the man in the moon. With a mighty roar (and one from the audience, too), Murdith McLean pounced onto the stage as Lion. Somehow despite the creativity and inventiveness of his costume, we did not feel the fear that such a ferocious beast is supposed to inspire in us. He too closely resembled a S.J.C. cheerleader, so short and chic was his skirt. The action descended to floor level and it was a pity that those at the back missed this tragic portion of the play - Dean Wood died so well.

As the group trouped out, some Johnian, or was it a talent scout from the C.T.V., fled after them in order to sign them up for a television contract. Watch them next year on "The Untouchables".











INTER-HOUSE SPORTS NIGHT

Spirited competition between our four houses in both volleyball and basketball was the highlight of the night. Each team played three games of volleyball and three games of basketball.

Matheson House, with house captain Garth Mitchell leading, won all their games.

In volleyball Matheson had three wins to place first, Anderson had two wins and one loss to place second, Machray had one win and two losses to take third place and last but not least was West House with a perfect record of three losses.

Next came basketball with Matheson turning the trick again and placing first while Machray edged out Anderson for second place and West made another clean sweep of last place.

Unfortunately there was not enough time for badminton — there's still next year.

This year inter-house sports night was a well organized and successful event thanks to the efforts of Bruce Lehtinen and the tremendous enthusiasm of all those who participated.











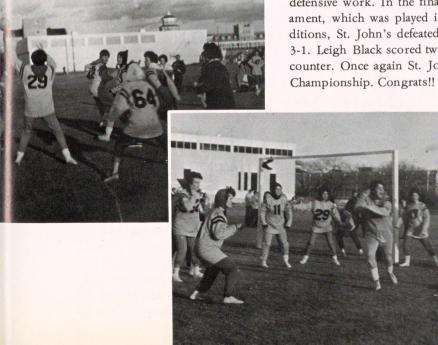


Front Row: Marilyn Ingo, Pat Pisnook. Second Row: Phyllis Wedding, Carol Pisnook, Myra Macoomb, Cathy Flower, Dayve Kirby. Back Row: Linda Donald, Pat Gossen, Leigh 'flash' Black, Donna Warren, Joanne McMillan, Marg Muir, Donna Sweetland. Missing: Signy Hansen, Carla McLeod, Fran Cameron, Linda LaMontagne, Susan Bartley, Linda Vance, Signe Salzberg, Janice Demchuk.

WOMEN HIT SOCCERFIELD !!

Something new and wonderful (??) was added to the schedule of intramural sports this fall — women's soccer. With such flashy halfbacks as Leigh Black, Lynne Cosgrove, and Pat Pisnook, and superb centres and forwards such as Marilyn Ingo, and Joanne McMillan, St. John's managed to go

through the league undefeated. Special mention should be made of the fact that there was only one goal scored against them during regular league play. This, of course, was due to the girls' brilliant defensive work. In the final game of the double knock-out tournament, which was played in the hockey rink due to weather conditions, St. John's defeated their arch rivals, Science, by a score of 3-1. Leigh Black scored two goals and Pat Pisnook scored the last counter. Once again St. John's girls captured another Intramural Championship. Congrats!!

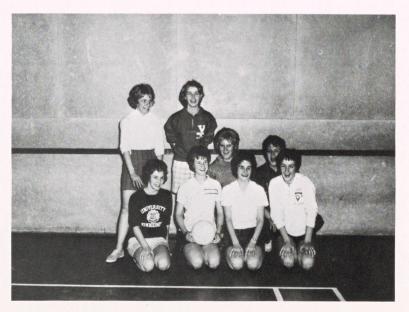




Team No. 1 – Front Row, Left to Right: Marg Dobbin, Judy Marley, Myra Macoomb. Second Row: Carol Pisnook, Marilyn Ingo, captain; Joanne MacMillan, Pat Pisnook.

VIVACIOUS (OR VICIOUS?) VICTORS

Once again with a great amount of spirit, energy, and ruckus, St. John's girls captured another one of their many Intramural titles — volleyball. Both St. John's teams 1 and 2 gained a berth in the final rounds but Science narrowly squeaked by St. John's 2, led by Captain Cos and her energetic girls, to capture second place. The St. John's 1 team, however, in a close best-of-three final, managed to pull through to keep the Volleyball trophy in our trophy case for the second consecutive year.



Team No. 2 — Front Row, Left to Right: Fran Cameron, Lynn Cosgrove, captain; Fran Peterman, Linda Donald. Second Row: Pat Gossen, Mary Warriner, Janis Demchuk, Ardis Brooker.

TENNIS TRIUMPH FOR PAT

This year St. John's had a tremendous turnout for Intermural tennis. With good court conditions and pretty fair weather the tournament was completed within a month. One of our fair Johnians, Pat Pisnook emerged as the victor defeating Home Ec's Felicity Neave 4-6, 6-4, 7-5 in the best of three finals. Congratulations to Pat and thanks to all the girls who participated so enthusiastically. St. John's team members are as follows: Myra Macoomb, Marilyn Ingo, Carol Pisnook, Pat Pisnook, Donna Sweetland, and Janis Demchuk.





This year in golf, St. John's doubled its last year's entry and had two participants, Marilyn Ingo and Joanne McMillan. The girls were required to play two rounds at the Southwood Club. Joanne failed to place in the standing but Marilyn did well enough to capture a spot on the Inter-Collegiate Golf team which went to Saskatoon. In Saskatoon, playing against some of the best women golfers in Canada, Marilyn placed fifth.

I GUESS WE'RE GREAT!

Wow! Did you hear how St. John's girls did in Tabloid? They made a clean sweep, placing first, second, third, and fourth. With approximately 50 girls competing in this fun-filled stunt night, St. John's, accompanied by a tremendous burst of college spirit, nudged their nearest rivals, Home Ec., to cap the first four places. Congratulations girls. Well done.

BUT NOT SO GREAT AT BASKETBALL....

St. John's girls this year did their utmost to retain the Intermural basketball crown, but it is with regret we report they were unsuccessful. It seems all champions must fall sometimes, and it appears that this was our year. However, we did win more games than we lost (yea St. Johns!) and it seems reasonable to assume that if just as much support and enthusiasm is shown next year (or maybe a little more), the girls could well regain the crown. Good luck!

By the way, the team this year included Sharon Hopkinson, Linda Donald, Judy Marley, Myra Macoomb, Donna Sweetland, and Pat Gossen. Thanks to all of them.

POWDER PUFF GRIDIRON CHAMPS

In an exciting display of that remarkable phenomenon, ladies' football, the girls from St. John's crushed United College, 7-0, at the half time of the Bison - U.B.C. football game. A spectacular end sweep early in the game made it 6-0 for St. John's. The convert was added automatically to round out the scoring.

The game featured such rules as "four downs to score or give up the ball" and the 45 second huddle or "muddle" as the announcer so wittily dubbed it.

St. John's girls demonstrated their bench strength by frequent and generous substitution; this ran into some delay, however, since there were fewer team sweaters than team members.

We thought that we provided the best entertainment of the season and since we had so much fun we figure this ought to be an annual event. Ready girls. Down set Hut Hut 1 Hut 2.



TEAM "A" – Front Row, Left to Right: Bill Malcolm, Mike Cox, Don Williams. Second Row: Winston Smith, Dunc Smeaton, Gord Warriner, Sheldon Smith.



TEAM "B" - Front Row, Left to Right: Bob Moody, Mike Cox, Hugh Gordon. Second Row. Richard Shead, Wayne Bembridge.

MEN'S BASKETBALL CHOKES AGAIN!

TEAM "A"

This year, the "A" team in the words of that immortal poet of the bridge table, did grrrrrr..reat. In the first half of the season, the superior shooting of "Jolly" Rogers and Co. demolished all the so-called opposition quite handily. The closest any team could come to us was Science, who were beaten by the basketball edition of the "Montcalm Maulers", 48-43.

At the end of the first term the "Maulers" were leading the league. They kept up this fast pace until the final game against the "separated brethren" from S.P.C. Without the services of "Jolly" the starry centre, who was required at some old tradition called "Hell night". the team tasted their first bitter defeat.

However, at the end of the season, the team was firmly entrenched in second place. In the quarter-finals they easily disposed of Pharmacy to gain a berth in the semifinals against Engineering. The game against Engineering was a close one. At the end of regulation time the score was tied 35-35. Engineering struck quickly for two points in a three minute overtime period and never looked back (mainly because we couldn't score a basket).

Sheldon Smith had a two shot foul, sank the first and missed the second, to narrow Engineering's lead to one point. Then Bill Malcolm was fouled with St. John's being awarded a bonus foul. Buttrue to form he choked and missed the shot.

Throughout the year all the members of the team had consistant averages of anywhere from 8-12 points a game with the exception of "Jolly" Rogers, who usually averaged about 15 points a game. Each player was noted for some specialty. Malcolm was famous for his hook shots from 35 feet out that surprisingly (for everyone but himself) went in. Nobody could stop 6'4" Rogers when he was within five feet of the basket. If Mike Cox could hit the basket that night he usually sank his shots, but unfortunately he couldn't always hit the basket. The two Smith brothers Winston and Sheldon, were good outside shots along with Dunc Smeaton and Don Williams. Gord Warriner, a first year student, did aterrific job of playing centre when Rogers was tired, which was quite often. Bill Malcolm received the distinction of being the only player whom the other team threatened to "punch out."

All in all, though, it was a good year and all the players on the team certainly enjoyed themselves.

TEAM"B"

The "B" team was made up of Terry Reid, Hugh Gordon, Richard Shead, Dave Bell, Wayne (spas) Bembridge and Wes Penner.

During six league games, the team wonthree and lost three, earning its way into the semi-finals against architecture, who beat us in a well-played game.

One of the better basketball games of the year was against St. Paul's. In a hard fought battle, we defeated the rival college by one point in overtime.

There was one 'fella''in our squad who rates a worthy mention — Terry Reid. Terry, playing left-forward, was consistently the high scorer on the team throughout the

season. Besides his accurate shooting, he instilled into the team a fighting spirit, along with the other co-captain Richard Shead.

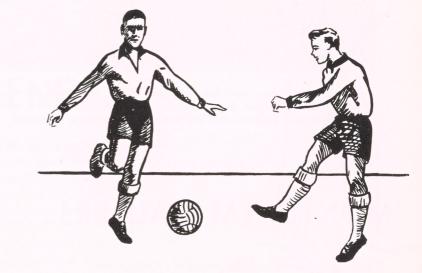
Throughout the year, each player became famous for his specialty.

Hugh Gordon had a "deadly"??? hook shot from twenty feet out. Wayne (spas) Bembridge was our two-handed jump shot specialist. Dave Bell was one of the mainstays in the team's defence, snagging in the defensive rebounds.

At centre, Richard Shead did most of the work in snagging in offensive rebounds and blocking shots.

All in all, the team worked well together; and a vote of thanks is due to all those that participated either actively or from the sidelines.

SOCCER-A "SLOSHY" FINAL



The start of the first term not only signifies "hitting the books", but also the beginning of the soccer season. This year St. John's fielded a strong team which attributed its great success to the consistent turnout of good players. In their first game the team lost a heartbreaker to S.P.C. (Spastic Paulinian College) by a score of 1-0. But from then on there was no stopping our stalwarts from St. John's as they defeated Architecture, Science, and Medicine.

In their encounter with Medicine, St. John's played one of their better games of the year. At the end of regulation time it was still 0-0. Bertie Smith scored the winning goal for St. John's in an overtime period.

St. John's redeemed their only loss of the season when

they defeated St. Paul's 1-0 in a playoff game. The game went right down to the last minute. Hugh Gordon, Bertie Smith, and Emerson Wittington did a great job in containing the Crusaders.

In the finals for the Junior Division cup, St. John's slipped and sloshed their way against the Faculty of Education on a bitterly cold and windy November 3rd. The spirited Education group repeatedly turned back the efforts of Hugh Gordon and company to emerge victorious 1-0. The St. John's team deserves praise for a fine combined effort. Rumour has it that if the same talented players return next year, the championship cup will surely rest in our trophy case next fall.



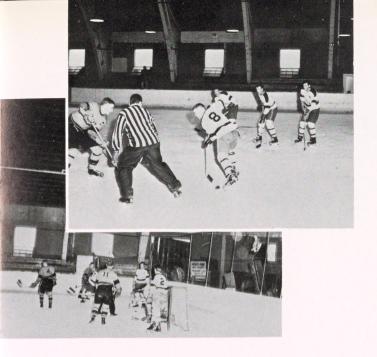
Front Row: Rick Palmer, Marv Emerson, Barry Oliver, Tom Boyd, Pete Ramsay. Second Row: Ron Peiluck, Playing Coach; John Brodie, Winston Hodgins, Floyd Anderson, Dave Frayer, John Ingram, Grant Stiver, Cam MacArthur. Third Row: Bob Moody, Bob Best, Manager; Dave Newman, Bob Shepherd, Murray Bates, Al Daniels.

MONTCALM MAULERS.....

Once again, Johnians can be proud of a College team which displayed strong competitive spirit in a tough University league. This season, the St. John's hockey team placed second in the Junior A league with four wins and two losses. The two losses came at the hands of the powerful Dentistry team. In the playoff St. John's got by United College 2-1 in a close-fought game. However, in that tragic game against Architecture, overconfidence brought the Johnian winning streak to an abrupt end. Those who saw the game will remember bearded No. 7 walking all over us. I remember the shock and the near tears in the dressing room after the game. We never did get our revenge on Dentistry.

The big gun for St. John's this year was Marv Emerson, who scored nine points in the eight games. To-

gether with Rick Palmer and John Ingram. Marv's line was the top scoring trio. A second line consisting of Anderson, Bates, and Frayer, was a kind of "police force" which roamed around the ice looking for trouble makers. While two of them were cruising around smashing opponents into the boards, Anderson was breaking away for goals. Still another line composed of Newman, Shepherd, Ramsay, and Stiver, were adding to the team's total of 28 goals. All in all, it was a lot of fun and everybody enjoyed playing. While the boys up front were scoring goals, the stalwart defence of Peiluck, Brodie, Boyd, Daniels, and "Francis" MacArthur were warding off the opposing forwards. A latecomer, Winston Hodgins filled in very well for playing-coach Peiluck when he sustained his injury late in the season.



HIGHLIGHTS OF THE HOCKEY SEASON

Frayer's 'jinx' goal against Architecture. When Tom Boyd pulled out Emerson's shoulder dislocation and Marv hopped on the ice and scored a goal.

Barry Oliver's outstanding goal-keeping.
MacArthur's sizzling slap-shot (just ask him).
Best's confused management.
Ingram's penalty for "delaying the game".
Newman's top physical condition.
Daniels, the high-scoring defenceman.
Palmer's "hat trick".
The post-game parties.

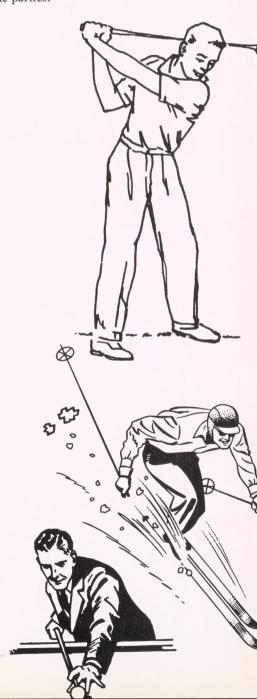
ODDS AND ENDS

This year many of the stalwart men of St. John's entered individual sports in hopes of showing their great athletic prowess. Unfortunately these prime examples of Spartan training did not do too well. An exception to this was the terrific showing by Richard Shead, who made the quarter-finals in the University table tennis tournament.

In the intramural golf tournament Pete Ramsay and Mike Cox tried their best but didn't quite make the finals. Pete was one stroke off the cutoff score.

St. John's did exceedingly well in the curling league. At the end of the league play they had qualified for the playoffs. The rink, skipped by Winston Smith, with Randle, Kenny, and Sheldon Smith made it to the semi-finals where they were beaten by a team from Science on a measurement of a quarter of an inch on the last rock.

The men of St. John's while maybe lacking an abundance of talent, made up for this in enthusiasm. Teams were fielded in volleyball, and riflery, while many individuals entered tennis and badminton. John Brodie and Bruce Lehtinen went up to Banff on a skiing week (so they said) during the Christmas break.





Front Row, Left to Right: Fran Yarwood, Mary Warriner, Lee Herbert, Dayve Kirby. Second Row: Kathy Flower, Gerry Burgess, Marg Muir, Jock Armatage, John Elwick.

SWIM MEET

The inter-faculty swim meet was held November 22, with 10 faculties and colleges entered. St. John's, with a small but powerful team, managed to place second in both the women's and men's divisions. In each case, the teams were only three points behind the winners.

The two top swimmers of the meet, Marilyn Ingo and Rich Lamontagne, were Johnians. Marilyn paced the women's team with three firsts (backstroke, 50 yard freestyle, 100 yard freestyle) and helped them to a second place finish in the 200 yard freestyle relay.

Rich won two firsts and a second for St. John's. One of his victories was a record breaking performance in

which he did the 50 yard butterfly in 29 seconds, beating the old mark of 29.6 seconds. Rich was also on the St. John's men's team which won a first in the 200 yard freestyle relay.

For the size of their teams, the Johnians put on a fine display and they look forward towinning that trophy next year.

The team members are as follows: Marilyn Ingo, Tanny Armytage, Mary Warriner, Dayve Kirby, Fran Yarwood, Gerry Burgess, Lee Herbert, Cathy Flower, Sharon Hopkinson, Merylie Wade, Linda Donald. WORKING

TOGETHER



Front Row, Left to Right: Linda Laughlin, Joyce Fitzpatrick, Marilyn Boyd, Ardis Brooker, Captain; Bruce Nesbitt, Arleen Johannesson, Suzanne Lipsett, Cita Philpott, Allan Reed. Second Row: Dave Quinton, Derek Hoskin, Gail Scott, Iona Jonasson, Donna Warren, Barry Oliver, Bob Mitchell, Bill MacDonnell, Dave Dennis, Gord Warriner. Third Row: Rod MacKenzie, Charles Gregor, Gerry Proverbs, Wade Rowland, Bob Moody, Lynne Holmes, Tanny Armatage, Phil Couch, Sheldon Smith, Bob Miller.

ANDERSON HOUSE

Anderson House: home of both the outgoing and the incoming Senior Sticks of St. John's, our Snow Queen, and Ardis Brooker, the only Johnian to be wished a Happy 21st Birthday in public and in print by that illustrious rag, the Belch!

The executive leading us to fame and glory this past year was composed of Ardis Brooker, House Captain; Wade Rowland, Junior Rep.; Dave Quinton, Debating Chairman; and Eleanor Douglas, Social Convenor.

The year got off to a rousing start with a spirited Anderson-Matheson House Party in October. (You don't remember the House Party? Incredible!! — Oh ... bombed out of your mind, eh?) We also had a hand in this year's swinging Christmas dance.

Debaters like Gerry Proverbs and Rod MacKenzie uphold the Anderson tradition by bringing home a draw decision in the debate with Matheson House. Our amazing house spirit was demonstrated at the Anderson-West debate on November 6, when a vote by the spectators proved once again that Anderson House sticks together no matter what — we won! (Of course, it helped

to have a team composed of Bobs Miller and Richards on our side.) And there were Anderson reps. on the Dingwall teams, too!

On November 8 Johnians gave Mr. J. Christianson, Minister of Welfare in the last provincial government, a warm reception when he spoke here on Conservative policies. He was sponsored by you-know-what House.

Sportswise, Anderson has been represented in everything going and has consistently come up with E's for effort and enthusiasm, if not for excellence. ("It matters not whether you win or lose", we always say). And although we may have been beaten in a return flag-football match vs. Machray-West (a disgustingly vindictive bunch) early in the year, we at least swept all competition aside to chalk up fourth place in the first Curlorama!

Finally, bravo for our own Bruce "Nebuchadnesbitt" Nesbitt, sponsored by UMSU as Manitoba's rep. at Laval University's second annual congress on Canadian affairs.

Have we missed anybody? Oh yes — this year's editor of the Johnian is one of us, too. Let's face it gang: it's Anderson all the way!



Front Row, Left to Right: Barbara Black, Carolyn Prescott, Linda Vance, Merylie Wade, Dayve Kirby, Gail Thompson, Hugh Gordon, Captain; Dawne Fraser, Carolyn Cox, Mabel Rawlins, Sharon Moyer, Linda Donald. Second Row: Kathy Flower, Victorine James, Judy Levine, John Norquay, Warren Cooper, Harry Rayner, Brian Kenny, Sherril Colert, Jocelyn Burgess, Linda LaMontagne, Cathy Chase. Third Row: Cam MacArthur, Jimmy Ward, Gary Cohen, Winston Smith, Del Vopni, Lloyd Wilmot, Tom Boyd, John Brodie, Ron Peiluck, Bill Harshaw, Bruce Lehtinen. Back Row: Gord Warriner, Dave Gold, Dave Dennis, Richard Shead, Kevin Van Kemp, Ken Ouelette.

MACHRAY HOUSE

Under the very capable guidance of Captain Hugh Gordon, Machray House set sail for a bang-up year. Machray began in the Fall by giving the College an hour of fun and frolic as Barbara Black and Hugh Gordon attempted to show that "Zorro Should Be the Patron Saint of St. John's College". The opponents were Bob Best and Dave Frayer of West House. This elevated and intellectual debate was declared a draw in the interests of peaceful co-existence!

Close on the heels of "Zorro" followed a wiener roast at Crescent Grove Park and a party at Kathy Chase's house. An orchestra was engaged for the event consisting solely of Richard Shead playing an off-beat instrument loosely known as the "bass", which periodically emitted low moans.

October brought the successful Inter-House Sports Night. Mixed volleyball and basketball were played in which Machray tied for second place. First term also ended on a "sporty" note with the Inter-House Curlorama held on December 29. Perhaps a hearty dinner at the Pancake House, but more likely real spirit and spunk were responsible for Machray's victory over the other

houses

The highlights of Machray's activities came at the start of second term beginning with those Machray Can-Can Boys such as "Gorgeous Gordon", "Shapely Shead", and "Naughty Norquay"! The enthusiastically supported Mardi Gras dance sponsored by Machray was held on January 25 at the College.

In February, Barbara Black was chosen as the house candidate for Snow Queen of St. John's. March 2 saw the houses in hot competition at a second curling match. Again mighty Machray was victorious. Also in second term Machray buttons were distributed to be worn on gowns. A final project found Machrayites dressing up the Men's Common Room in a new coat of paint, leaving behind this reminder: "Wet Paint — Please do not walk on the walls!"

This house started out in the Fall with the aim of proving that the House System can and will work. Machray has certainly done just this as its well-organized and continued activity illustrated that an able Captain plus a willing crew equals SUCCESS!



Front Row, Left to Right: Pete Ramsey, Gerry Burgess, JoAnne Shelton, Myra Macoomb, Garth Mitchell, Captain, Wendy Bracken, Karen Jurgens, June Standing, Bill Malcolm. Second Row: Bob Kennaugh, Ray Biete, Doug Goudie, Marg Muir, Kathy Froom, Rosemary Allison, Ross McIntosh, Mike Cox, Al Daniels. Third Row: Rod McKenzie, Terry Reid, Blane Ward, Don Ross, John Elwick, Glenn Calder, Sterling Walkes, Al Lauder, Brian Webb. Back Row: Larry Shields, Dave Dennis, Gord Warriner, Jack Lumax, Brian Hilton, Bill Houston.

MATHESON HOUSE

LIKE SEX! Well, now that we've caught your attention, we'd like to tell you about the next best thing Matheson House. Matheson House had another great year! With all our beautiful girls and athletic boys, how could we miss? Garth Mitchell, winner of the Men's Sports Award, proved to be a capable House Captain and Bill Malcolm was our Junior Rep. on Council. Karen Jurgens represented St. John's in the

Freshie Queen contest, while Susan Brooks was Matheson's candidate for Snow Queen. Matheson came first (naturally!) in the Sports Night and second in the Curlorama. The Lady Stick, Myra Macoomb, and vicestick, Bill Houston, for 1963-64, are both Mathesonians. Matheson's House Captain for '63-'64 is Glenn Calder.



Front Row, Left to Right: Bob Best, Pat Gossen, Al Simms, Dave Frayer, Captain; Gail Taylor, Lynne Fee, Donna Sweetland, Phyllis Wedding. Second Row: Rod McKenzie, Don Paterson, Signy Hansen, Lynn Cosgrove, Merylie Wade, Joy Greenway, Dave Dennis, Gord Warriner, Allan Miller. Back Row: Larry Shields, Herb Robertson, John Ingram, Keith Ible, Brian Kent, Jim Ison, Roy Mills, Dave Stevens, Dave Newman.

WEST HOUSE

"West is the best" is a phrase not often heard around our hallowed halls because most people who belong to West House don't like to admit it. One thing I can say for West, though, is that most of the house members at least know the purpose of West, "to build the egos of the other houses."

At the sports night, first term, West was the only house that lost all three volleyball games. Despite West's efforts to lose the basketball game, the Matheson members of the team overcame them and our team won.

In debating also West excelled in defeat. The debate on Cuba was admirably lost, as the debators started preparing for the debate less than an hour before the time of performance. In the Zorro encounter West seemed to forget its purpose for a fleeting moment, as Dave Frayer and Bob Best debated ably and managed to tie with the opponents, in spite of Machray's corpse

which made its grand entrance at one point in the debate.

Curling was another place for West to demonstrate how well they could lose, and they came last in both curloramas.

A good way to build a partner's ego is to allow them to take most of the glory for what the partnership was supposed to have done. West did this easily by pencilling their name on the posters for the house-party first term, and the Christmas party, three or four days after the partner-house had put up the posters.

The whole glory for our many defeats cannot entirely be given to our captain, "Fred" Frayer, but should go to every one of the members who didn't show up at the meetings, games, or parties.

Better luck next year!



Front Row, Left to Right: Karen Glover, Rosemary Smith, Judy Forbes, Marnie Carlysle, Lee Herbert, Donna Warren, Lynda Hamilton. Second Row: Pat Comrie, Linda Vance, Ruth Yates, Kerry Bates, Bev Crockett, Sandra Olafson, Maureen McFadden, Marge Greenhalgh, Sherril Colert, Sharon Hopkinson, House President; Helen Gowans, Agnes Arnold, Dale Collins, Miss Allen, Dean. Standing: Sharon Quinn, Penny Muloch, Carol Fargey, Sharon McDonald, Lynn Cunningham, Daphne Bowering, Leslie Malden, Susan Bartley, Cheryl Grant, Ernie, Gabrielle Singer, Linda Lelond, Marion McGregor, Sarah Yates, Darlene Sigfusson, Eleanor Douglas, Helen Wright (Don). Curlis Grant.

WOMEN'S RES.

This interesting and informative bit of chit-chat is dedicated to those fortunate few who belong. I might say that we have a very diverse group this year. I guessit just goes to prove the old adage "It takes all kinds" or is it that old adage "There is one in every crowd" or is it ah heck! Pick your own old adage because it's sure to fit this bunch of noodle heads.

Now let's see I have to have a plan of attack. I suppose I should start with the basement floor. Yes, now that I think of it that's an excellent place to start or end. There's a small group down there but you can't fool me. I know where all the riots start and who the instigator of it all is. And I'm right here to let you in on the secret that it's GRANDMA SCHMUCKER! How 'bout that? They are a close-knit group all right but that doesn't mean that they don't do things separately like putting wheel-barrows and blow-torches in the showers like taking extended trips to Saskatoon ... what's the name of the soft drink? Is it 'Maison Jolie''? oh yeh. Chateau Gai.

I'll leave you with this thought.... Most people get mail ... but you've never seen a CARE parcel like this CARE parcel It took care of her all right and is she really going to give Mrs. McK. a puttie knife?

Up the stairs and around the bend to the first landing, is the second floor. And let me tellyou, a nicer group of girls would be harder to find; good-looking, clean-living.... I wish I lived there by golly I do live there. Did I hear someone say they walked all the way from the Sherbrooke pool? Did I hear someone say they were going to George Knider's? Yeh! I've got mono... you know, mononucleosis ... yeh, infectious ... whaddaya mean how did I get it? now just a cotton pickin' minute..... Aw Michael, why

do you always take everything the wrong way?.... You mean you phoned the number and got the Fort Garry police?.... Just one more hour ... if I can only hang on.... I .. can ... get ... this... d--n problem done! It's only four days late ... after all. When I get my hands on that I.D. chick ... Wakey, wakey; look and see, who's asleep in the W.C.? Yes, .. My room's close to everything ... the iron door ... the bawthroom ... the phone!

Not pausing to admire my overpowering good looks — in the mirror, Itakethe steps, two at a time and find myself in the middle of a limbo contest of all things.

..... Woofie! I love you dearly, but Cactus Jack Wells I can do without at 7:00 in the A.M. yet May I please speak to Bridget You know, Bridget Wright But you can't hold convocation on the 15th that's our sorority night and we all know that there just won't be anybody from our floor left to attend convocation that is I've got a code ... wend to Port Arthur last weekend stayed in bed the whole timb....dab shabe when a person's godda travel five hundred miles to go to bed!! I can just see the advertising for next years Canterbury Conference... Or should I call it, "The Organization for the Meeting, Falling in Love With and Becoming Engaged to MEN" Hi, HY?... Hi ... Blast! I'll go get Donna ... Boy, have I got a toothache ... Somebody gave me the biggest darn box of valentine candies you ever saw ... I'll be chawing for months What would happen if that filmy native dress of yours started to unravel?.... oh! It's too horrible to think about.

Bless you, my children, Bless you. May your summers be as fun-fun-filled as your winters.



"It was the craziest thing. One minute he was healthy as an ox — it was just that last slip of the knife."



"It was O.K. when I went to bed but when I woke up -"



"Here - Blo-ow your nose and Shut-up!"



"No, this isn't the Y.W.C.A., but I just came out of the pool!"



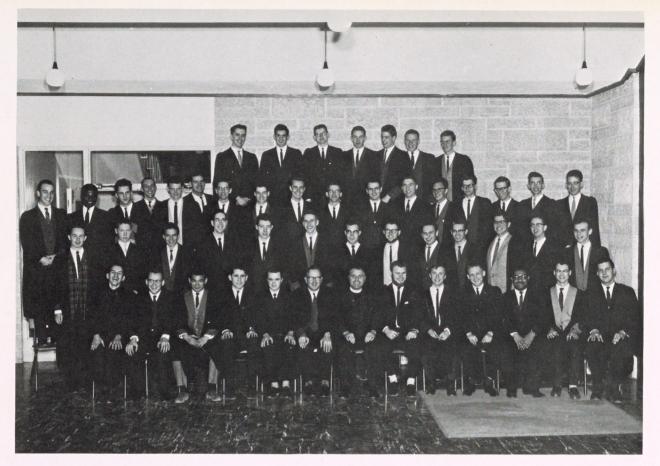
This has gotta be the most ridiculous looking hot water bottle!



"Look, we're having a party and if the joint's raided we put the blame on Grandma Schmucker."



''Maybe-I have got hairy toes but take a look at the back of your legs.''



Front Row, Left to Right: Norman Bunn, David Clark, David Cheung, Peter Rundle, Doug Seal, Don Wilkes, Res. Don; Dean Rothery, Res. Dean; Kerry Livermore, Marv Emerson, Rick Palmer, Keith Riley, David Yeo, Tony Edwards. Second Row: Bob Carson, Winston Hodgins, Richard Nash, Hugh McLean, Richard Buck, Roy Mills, Garth Martin, Keith Ible, David Wood, Lyall Hunt, Ron McLeod, Marv Sydor, Jim Banting. Third Row: Ken Schmidt, Augustine Emerua, David Gold, Hugh Spencer, Gary Manns, Wes Penner, Bill Hamilton, Terry Ried, Keith Morley, Charles Lye, Jim Randall, Al Holtslag, Tom Walker, Merv Kroeker, Brian Keeny, Don Smith, Roy Bowkett. Back Row: Jim MacLean, Don Lepper, Ted Keddie, Bob Brandt, David Bell, Jack Lumax, Doug Patterson. Missing: Sho Takasugi, Bruce Worden, David Jackson.

MEN'S RES.

One can never forget the characters and experiences of this echo chamber. The parties have been real fun, thanks to our lovely friends on the other side of the iron barrier. The Hallowe'en party, the Christmas banquet and the Open Houses have proved that there is no place like residence.

The various sections differ like blueberries and whales. The section inhabited by the don, is quiet, with the exception of noisy Charlie Lye, who incidentally, has proved himself as a real charmer. The noisiest section is the one in which I am the embodiment of discipline. I have spent half my year telling the Livermore-Lumax gang to keep the noise down. The rest of my time is spent in keeping them out of trouble.

The romance of the year has to be the couple from the near East — Pete and Mary. However, such lovers as Jackson, Bowkett and Clark have rice and old shoes in their eyes.

We have discovered that some of us can grow beards, but most of us still shave with a towel.

We also found, at a residence variety night, that we possess many fine actors. The Richard Burton of them

all is Hugh Spencer (he is a terror at a party). Let us not forget our dancing stars, Woody and Doug.

Jim Randall, who has been preparing for provincial politics, proved himself as a capable M.C.

The toughest guy in residence is Ted Keddie — just ask him. Bob Brandt owns the greatest laughwhile Bill Hamilton has the nicest smile. Doug Seal does not laugh enough. Roy Mills is our champion sleeper. He gets 16 hours a day. The best natured guy is Terry Read; The res. wit is Don Wilkes and Dave Chung is the residence pest. The guy most likely to get somewhere is Merve Kroeker. The most confused student is still me.

The residence has been run well, thanks to two capable men, the don and the dean. The former demands silence at all times. The latter only demands 24 hour notice.

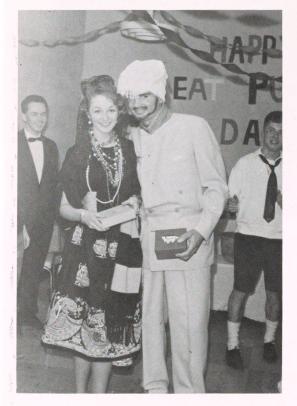
I must pay tribute to Marv. Sydor, Hugh Spencer, Ted Keddie and Roy Bowkett. Being on the house committee with this hard working crew, has been a real pleasure.

Space prevents me from mentioning more names in the Men's Res., but believe me, you could not find a better group of guys.

Brian Kenny.



Look! 34% fewer cavities!!



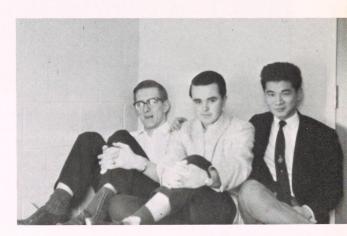
Hallowe'en's Best.



Meanwhile back in the Men's Dorm



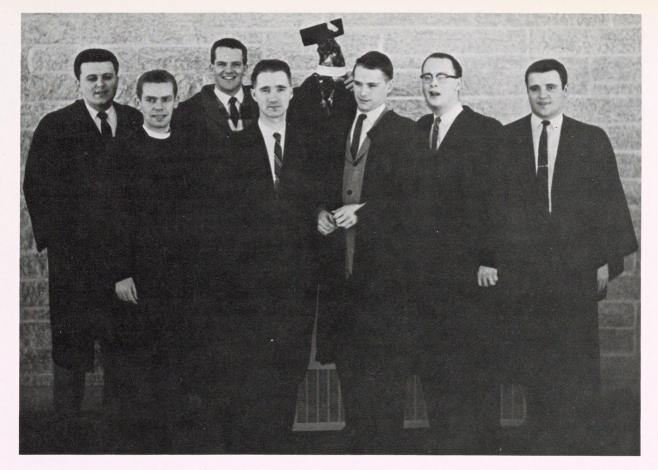
Men's Residence Executive – Front Row, Left to Right: Roy Bowkett, Proctor; Dean C. Rothery, Don Wilkes, Res. Don. Second Row: Hugh Spencer, Ted Keddie, Brian Kenny, Marv Sydor.



"Where have all the scholars gone?"



Christmas Banquet - Dec. 6



Front Row, Left & Right: Al Hosking, Trevor Elliott, Duncan Wallace, David Pate, Smith Couling. Second Row: Al Simms, Murdith McLean.

THE THEOLOGS

For a very small group in numbers, the Faculty of Theology holds a singular distinction. Of the total, 70 per cent of the group is married — a higher percentage than any other faculty.

There were 10 students taking courses in Theology during the 1962-63 term. In first year, they were: Smith Couling, Peter Flynn, David Jackson, David Pate and Duncan Wallace; second year, Trevor Elliott and David Robinson; and third year, Murdith McLean, Allen Simms and Al Hoskings, who was ordained a Deacon on the 25th of January, during his last year.

The high point of the year for all the Theologs has been the great privilege of studying under Archbishop Philip Carrington, former Archbishop of the Anglican Province of Quebec. His Grace lectured in both years of Systematic Theology.

Each Tuesday throughout the year, the students in St. John's residence kindly relinquished their TV room where the theologs met for dinner, after which they assembled in the Chapel for an hour of prayer and meditation. The meditations were led by the College faculty and by visiting city clergy. Dr. William Pickering has assumed the responsibility each year for arranging these Tuesday evening meditations.

To their informal meetings through the year, the theologs invited a number of guest speakers. They included the Rev. William Hutton of the SCM, Padre de

Long at the RCAF station in Winnipeg, Dean Brodersen, Dr. Pickering and Archbishop Carrington.

Over the Christmas break, one of our number travelled to Philadelphia to attend the Anglican Inter-Seminary Movement's annual conference. This conference brings together Canadian Anglican theological students and American Episcopal theological students from all over the continent. David Robinson, who represented St. John's, is chairman responsible for next year's seminarian conference which is to be held at St. John's College over the 1963 Christmas break.

One Thursday evening during the second term, four of the senior seminarians from St. Boniface Seminary came to St. John's College to have dinner with the theologs and to spend an evening seeing the College. They arrived in time for Evensong and left after Compline was said together. This was the first opportunity to meet, to get to know each other and to share some good 'table chat'.

The St. Boniface seminarians invited the St. John's theologs for a return visit to their college for a very pleasant dinner together, and for an evening of talk and worship.

At the end of each term the theologs had a dinner together with the teaching faculty in one of the city restaurants.



Front Row, Left to Right: Wendy Bracken, Secretary; Pete Ramsay, Vice-Senior Student; Bruce Nesbitt, Senior Student; Barbara Black, Lady Stick; Devere Maynard, Treasurer. Second Row: Lynda Jewison, Drama; Judy Thompson, Social; Ardis Brooker, Anderson House Captain; Myra Macoomb, Freshie Week; Lynn Holmes, Public Relations; Tanny Armatage, Awards; Bill Malcolm, Sports: Dave Robinson, Theology Rep. Third Row: Marilyn Boyd, Johnian; Gord Beckett, Belch; Dave Frayer, West House Captain; Wade Rowland, Anderson Rep.; John Ingram, West Rep.; Don Ross, UMSU Rep.; Hugh Gordon, Machray House Captain. Back Row: Cathy Chase, Machray Rep.; Garth Mitchell, Matheson House Captain; John Elwick, Constitution.

KING NEBBIE, HIS HAREM AND OTHERS

I am an eagle and, therefore, a bird of prey. Perhaps that is why I have this collar around my neck and all this black crap all over me, obscuring my natural beauty. Four or five other guys that strut around this College sport the same kind of paraphernalia, but I can see it in their case because they just don't have any natural beauty.

Nevertheless, it is my task to say 300 words on the afore-mentioned topic which really signifies that volatile, corrupt, and insidious institution that hides under the name of the St. John's College Student Council. It is because there is so little to say about this particular entity that my little dissertation has featured such a lengthy introduction. However, I will now proceed to make some observations on the subject at hand — valid observations because of the fact that I can see ALL from atop the cabinet which rests at the east end of the Common Room and which, by the way, once rested in the undergarment department at Eaton's, and which, you may be sure, housed a variety of negligees, transparent and otherwise — all of which, I'm sure, has some basic Freudian significance.

Here are some fundamental TRUTHS for what they are worth. Senator Ross from Alabama demonstrated that he makes his best speeches (which isn't saying very much), when he is an otherwise despicable condition.

Senior Student (or is it Senior Stick - heaven only knows) Bruce Nesbitt (King Nebbie) has a pretty mangy harem, it seems, because I heard, in the strictest confidence, of course, that his post-last-meeting party only attracted five broads. He may be long on eloquence, but he is pitifully short on sex appeal. A certain professor showed that he is ever-faithful to his great cause when he sent over a couple of gallons of CH3CH2OH to one of Bruce's post-meeting pizza parties. Lehtinen replied by becoming a veritable Jenghis Khan. What would a governmental institution be without corruption, which this year was to be found in the person of our financial expert, Devere, who pleaded that Council wave a remunerative wand at a couple of his noise-making buddies. Lynne Holmes is no longer the shy, reserved little toy that she used to be, and this can largely be attributed to Dr. Coakley's hysterical appreciation of her "June in January Dance in February" joke. And, of course, Marilyn Boyd continued to give the impression that she is always available.

I've said my piece. My only hope is that the new council, purged of much of the vice and chaos which was all-too-evident this year, and displaying all the attributes of chastity and virtue, will be more consistently puritanical. Remember, I have to watch these meetings,

and I've got a collar around my neck!!



OUTGOING... SENIOR STUDENT

It has been encouraging this year to see Johnians participating in an everincreasing sphere of extracurricular activities. Johnians with their ideas are assuming responsibilities not only within the College, but throughout the University. It is also paradoxically heartening to hope that our eagerness for rounding out the whole man will not overshadow our purpose in being here; academic excellence and the will to learn.

That our graduates continue to provide leadership in the community is self-evident. As a member of the graduating class I can only pray that we will not forget where our character was moulded, and that we will continue to help our College expand by supporting Convocation. Graduates and undergraduates alike can continue building our College's enrolment and name for excellence by "each one bring one."

This year as Senior Student has been a rewarding experience for me, one which would not have been possible without the co-operation and help of the executive and administration, and the hard work of the sub-committee chairmen.

I hope that I have justified the trust you placed in me, and I thank you.

Bruce Nesbitt, Senior Student 1962-63

LADY STICK

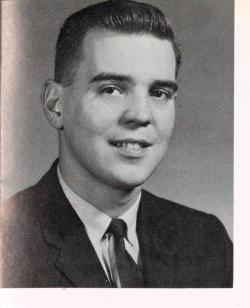
The position of Lady Stick is an odd one. It has been attacked — validly, but not frequently — as an outstanding instance of illogic in our student government process. Why should Senior Stick-ship be restricted to men? Why should a college with more male than female students have a female, but not a male, representative? Since the Lady Stick usually acts, in practice if not in theory, as an assistant to the Senior Stick, why is she elected exclusively by the women? But tradition is sometimes more important than efficiency, or even iron-clad democracy, and so this political anomaly will probably persist. This is a good thing because if the Lady Stick is sometimes at a loss as to her duties, she has the comfort of knowing that it is not the specifics that matter —

how many motions were passed in Council, or how many activities she supervised — so much as the intangibles — how much she helped to create an atmosphere distinctively Johnian, where education is possible in its fullest and most rewarding sense. But vague as this sounds, it is a difficult task, and I only wish that I had known as much about it in September as I do now, at the end of the year. The end of student government is often all but drowned in a bewildering and often unpleasant deluge of exaggerated issues and clashes of personalities. It is simply to contribute to education, to provide students with the means to get the most out of their university life. When student government becomes a status symbol, a political machine, or a bore, it ceases to fulfill its function.

Of course, St. John's Council has occasionally come close to this dangerous position, this year as in any other year. But never for long, because there have always been people of common sense and character to set things straight again. It is to these people—and there are so many of them—that I am most grateful for my year in office. They have made it not only a pleasure, but an education in itself.



Barbara Black Lady Stick 1962-63



INCOMING... SENIOR STUDENT

Apathy is an ugly word, conjuring up pictures of despondency, despair and disillusionment. Probably no other word gets as much mileage around here as does that word 'apathy'. Everyone's brother, aunt and 52nd cousin has at least one idea to dispel this indifference on the part of students in regard to their affairs.

As Senior Stick/Student for 1963-64, I should perhaps be more concerned about apathy at St. John's than anyone else. We here at St. John's are suffering more from a lack of organization than apathy. Organization, however, is not the only solution; Johnians themselves in an attitude of co-operation and willingness to work are part of the solution as well.

Roger Hull, President of Mutual of New York, has said that there are only two types of people: those who try to get as much as possible from as little as possible; they are part of the problem. Then there are those who are primarily concerned with the contribution they can make; they are part of the solution.

Ask yourself this penetrating question: what type of person are you?

Bob Miller Senior Student 1963-64

LADY STICK

I'm grateful, at this time, to be able to express my gratitude for the honour and privilege of being elected your Lady Stick for the coming year. I look forward with great anticipation to a rich and rewarding year, together with the opportunity of working with you for St. John's College.

On behalf of the women at St. John's, I would like to thank our outgoing Lady Stick, Miss Barbara Black, for all the time and effort she has devoted to this position.

Since its inception, St. John's College has progressed rapidly. As a downtown college it established many fine traditions which still remain as a part of the Johnian way of life. Those traditions became the basis of the new St. John's College relocated on the university campus in 1958. However, this year we are witnessing the passing of perhaps the last of the 'old guard'. Their memories and ideals have been enshrined in the history of St. John's College.

To those of you who are graduating, I wish the best that the future can hold. At our Women Graduates' Dinner in March, our guest speaker, Mrs. Stobie, re-iterated the principle, "to thine own self be true". Stemming from this, were the three most important words that we would have to learn to say in our life time: "I was wrong". I hope that through your years at St. John's, you have learned the true meaning of these words, and more important, what it is to say them.

St. John's College must now turn to the future. We, as the undergraduates, must endeavour to maintain the ideals and principles that have been established through the years, thus enabling us to learn the true meaning of being a Johnian.

For my part, I turn to the words so aptly expressed by Sir Winston Churchill: "I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears, and sweat".

Myra Macoomb Lady Stick 1963-64





Front Row, Left to Right: Dean C.I. Rothery, Gord Beckett, Dave Clark. Back Row: Hugh Spencer, Doris McIntyre, Malcolm Neill. Missing: Lynne Brandt, Pres.

CANTERBURY TALES

This year's programme got off to a flying start with the inter-regional Canterbury Conference held at Calgary. All those who managed to make the trip will never forget the heart-warming hospitality of the people of Calgary, the overpowering majesty (remember Gordon?) of the Rockies, and that hilarious (!!) side-trip to Banff afterwards. (Some of us still have knee bones out of joint; and we all have a greatly increased respect for travelling salesmen!) On the more serious side of things, the conference was a huge success, spiritually, academically and socially-speaking. Canon E.W. Scott held the delegates spell-bound during his talks on 'Christian Vocation within the University Context'.

Back home in Winnipeg, this theme was again the subject when Rev. W. Hutton, secretary of SCM on campus, and Rt. Rev. J.O. Anderson spoke at two of our monthly communion breakfasts at St. John's College. Two further communion breakfasts were held at which it was our privilege to hear Most Rev. Philip Carrington, and the Primate of all Canada, Most Rev. Howard H. Clark, speaking on various aspects of their

episcopal experiences.

Five evening discussions were held at which clergy from the Mormon, Roman Catholic, United Church, Ukrainian-Greek Orthodox, and Jewish faiths, spoke about their various religions. The theme of these discussions was mutual understanding and respect among different denominations.

A skating and dancing party was held which added vigour to the Canterbury's social activities. A corporate communion was held at St. Michael's All Angel's Church, where Canterbury members took part in the ancient Candlemass celebration.

Canterbury hopes to extend its operations in the coming year now that it is re-established at St. John's. We hope to gather up the few loose ends left and transform Canterbury from its present experimental status to a fully recognized group on campus. We can look forward to an even bigger and better year next year.

Malcolm Neill



DISCUSSION? OR DEBATE?

Debating at St. John's College enjoyed a challenging season this year. In our first encounter, the annual Senior Sticks' Debate with our "Roamin" friends from across the field, our representatives, Barbara Black and Bruce Nesbitt, capably defended the resolution: "Jack and Jill went up the hill JUST for a pail of water." In a witty manner, Bruce led the opening remarks with a clear-cut interpretation of how the Roman Church played a large role in the rhyme, (the "hill" was obviously one of the seven hills of Rome). Missing the thought completely, the Paulinian debater went blindly on into the trap by suggesting that Jack had "common sensual" reasons for making the trip. Barb was marvellous in her humour-provoking fashion pointing out that the "other things" presented by the negative could be done easier and far more privately at the bottom of the hill. Although the debate resulted in a tie, the College displayed its talents so magnificently that we only hope that St. Paul's will not be too ashamed to participate again next

The House Debates on a variety of topics provided lively entertainment throughout the year. One of outstanding note was the debate concerning the penetrating question "Should Zorro be made the patron saint of S.J.C.?" Superbly presented by both sides, everyone present agreed that Dave Frayer and Bob Best deserved commendation for their delicately balanced renditions. It is from the House Debates that the participants gain self-confidence, poise and an opportunity for some unusual mental activity.

One of the highlights of the year as far as debating goes or anything else for that matter, was the annual

Profs' Debate, held on Thursday, February 7, when four of our illustrious profs debated the profound, though unusual, topic: "Resolved that this resolution be overwhelmingly defeated." The weightier side of the argument, the affirmative, was upheld by Dean G.L. Brodersen and Mr. W. Fox-Decent, while Dr. C.C. Landon and Rev. A.M.C. Waterman debated for the negative. Who will ever forget Dean Brodersen's rare interpretation of the resolution to read: "Resolved that this resolution is as deflated as a dodo;" Dr. Landon's unusual ability to read our minds and our feelings about the opposition - "How inept," we had unwittingly said; Mr. Fox-Decent's suggestion for an osculatory expedition to be sent to the Soviet Union; or Rev. A.M.C. Waterman's depiction of a prosecuting attorney as he insisted we find the opposition, those dangerous men, guilty? Our profs are to be loudly applauded for showing us the essence of debating. Where else but at old S.J.C. would you find profs who would put on an exhibition like

The last debating encounter for St. John's this year was the Dingwall Final, St. John's versus St. Paul's. The resolution: "Resolved that reunification of Germany would pose a grave threat to world peace," was debated, for the affirmative by Rod Beehler and Jim Smith and for the negative Bruce Nesbitt and Duncan Wallace. Despite our opinion regarding the natural and obvious choice for victory the judges thought otherwise and St. Paul's won the Dingwall Cup.

May debating at St. John's continue to prosper next year under the guidance of debating chairman, Mark Hacksley.



Seated, Left to Right: Marilyn Boyd, Gail Taylor, Pat Pisnook. Standing: Gord Beckett, Editor; Cathy Chase, John Ingram.

OUR ILLUSTRIOUS RAG

ODE ON LEAVING THE EDITORSHIP OF THE BELCH

"I speak not, I trace not, I breathe not thy name, There is grief in the sound, there is guilt in the fame;

But the tear which now burns on my cheek may impart

The deep thoughts that dwell in that silence of heart."

And so a successful year for your Belch ends. It's been a good year for our newspaper: it graduated into a more meaningful class and became established as an integral part of our college life.

Its flavour was a combination of sugar and spice. Controversy was sparked on several occasions, always a healthy sign. The most obvious response resulted from articles on religion, notably the recorded visit from Satan and the article which denounced St. John's as non-Christian. Articles expressing views and criticisms were reasonably abundant and several were literary gems. And at least one issue nearly re-

sulted in nervous breakdowns for certain members of the staff!!! However, as someone said at the time: "there's lots of sex in the world, but not much religion."

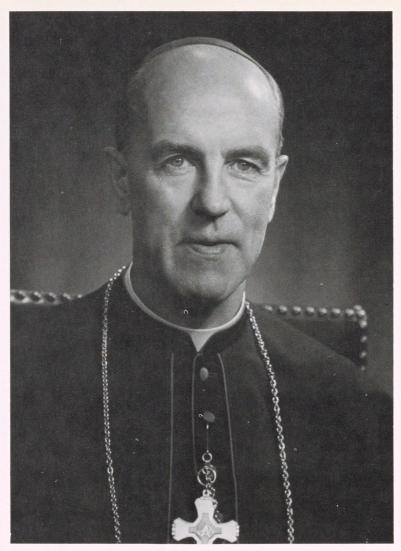
An active reporting staff made the paper a complete and valuable record of the year's events. Sports were excellently handled by Pat Pisnook and John Ingram; social reporting was done by Lynne Holmes. The editorial staff consisted of Gord Beckett, Dave Robinson and Gail Taylor.

As always in college activities there were lots of helpers. Some of our more proficient writers gladly contributed articles and we managed to maintain a high literary standard throughout the year.

The Belch is an attempt to be everything to everybody. If this is an ideal which is impossible to attain, at least it always leaves room for improvement and development.

For those who aided in the 1962-63 editions, a hearty thank-you, and a sincere hope that next year will be even bigger and better!

LITERARY



Ashley and Crippen (Photo)

His Grace, the Most Reverend George B. Flahiff, C.S.B., D.D., Archbishop of Winnipeg

THOUGHTS ON CHURCH UNITY

(Because of the increasing emphasis in these days upon Church unity, we thought it would be appropriate to include in our Anglican College Yearbook the opinion of a member of the Roman Catholic Church on The

In his Christmas address of 1962, Pope John XXIII remarked that "there have been few times in the course of the Christian era when so ardent a longing has been felt in human hearts for the unity desired by the Lord". Characteristic of our time is a growing sense of unity among Christians, be they Protestant, Anglican, Orthodox or Catholic. Or would it be more precise to speak of an *attraction*, conscious, informed and well-received, *to*-

Ecumenical Movement. His Grace, the Most Reverend George B. Flahiff, C.S.B., D.D., Archbishop of Winnipeg was kind enough to supply us with the following article. Ed.)

wards Christian unity? In recent years the desire for unity has quickened perceptibly and valiant efforts are now put forth by ever increasing numbers to bring it about. It must be remembered, nevertheless, that the unity for which Christ prayed is not the product of human efforts or of the common consent of individuals and groups: it is something that He himself has already effected, something that we, in all humility, receive from

Him and in which together we share. It is unity in Him. Its foundation is our baptism in Him, from which flows also an obligation on our part to recognize, accept and, to the best of our ability, promote this unity.

All too often the history of the Christian Church has been marred by rifts in the unity that Christ established, notably so in the 11th and 16th centuries. Historical facts and human factors may explain how and why these rifts took place, but what defies explanation is that, for so along, we should accept the scandal of disunity among Christians as something inevitable about which little, if anything, can be done. It is a growing and painful consciousness of this scandal that has resulted in the search among Christians in recent times for the unity that had been lost. We call it the Ecumenical Movement.

This is not the place to tell the story of the movement. Suffice it to draw attention to what is doubtless its most obvious and outstanding achievement: the World Council of Churches embracing as it does, since 1961, all major Christian bodies, save the Church of Rome. Even the latter has come, in recent years, to be represented at its sessions by unofficial observers. The presence at the current Second Vatican Ecumenical Council of observers from so many Christian groups, other than Roman Catholic, must likewise be reckoned as a fruit of the Ecumenical Movement. If Catholics have consistently remained aloof from the more overt activities of the Ecumenical Movement, this does not mean that they are indifferent to Christian unity. On the contrary, by prayer, study and increased contact with their fellow Christians they too have, for more than flfty years, been doing what they could to prepare the way for unity. The progress made in the past three years is incalculable.

What are the present prospects? God's grace is allpowerful. He could, if He chose, work at once the miracle that would reunite all Christian groups. The work of redemption nevertheless was, from a human point of view, long in coming. All the while the way was being prepared. Perhaps, in God's providence, the fulness of time for reunion has not yet come. Perhaps our pedagogy has not yet been completed. In any case, there is no immediate prospect of a single Faith, in the sense of a single, organic Church. Even the World Council of Churches, if I am not mistaken, does not have this as its objective. The doctrinal differences that separate us are not to be under-estimated; nor can they be winked away. On the contrary, we must all be frank and utterly sincere where the truth as we see it is concerned. Overenthusiasm and misguided zeal for unity at any price can do incalculable harm. False steps that would have to be retraced could lead to renewed bitterness and still wider rifts. This does not mean, however, that nothing can be done.

The great work of the present, after the duty of prayer, which is elemental, is that of changing the atmosphere; correcting attitudes, replacing hostility, antipathy and indifference with Christian charity, sympathy and understanding; making contacts without forcing them unduly; carrying on a dialogue that is neither debate nor proselytism but a sincere effort to understand and to be understood; and, finally, on the part of those who are fully competent, a calm, objective and mutually respectful attempt to examine differences of doctrine. Pope John XXIII's formula is: "Let us stress the things we have in common, not the things that separate us". With due emphasis on the many things we do have in common, on the brotherhood in Christ that already unites us, invisibly at least, and on the consequent charitable relationship that should result, we can hope at long last, in an objective and sympathetic spirit, to see without prejudice or bigotry what really does separate us and why it should be so. Not that unity will necessarily follow as an immediate consequence. When it comes, it will be as God's gift, at the time and in the way He wills. That all may be one, is a serious responsibility weighing on the conscience of each one of us. Not ours, nevertheless, to achieve the unity; ours only to pray, work and suffer for it.

When I was asked, as a Roman Catholic bishop, to write a few words on the Ecumenical Movement for St. John's College Yearbook, I was deeply touched and could not but reflect on how extraordinary are the opportunities for developing the ecumenical spirit on the campus of the University of Manitoba with its various church-related colleges. The contacts already exist. The friendly atmosphere is even now a reality. Attitudes quickly warm and respond to it. Dialogue among individuals and groups is being carried on quietly and serenely, free from the pressures and overenthusiasm that could harm it. Above all, fervent prayer for unity is being offered.

My own prayer, in closing, is that God may foster the seeds of ecumenism that exist on the campus and that, when what is humanly possible has been done, He may grant in His own time and in His own way, if not complete unity, at least that continued progress towards it that is already an answer to the prayer of Ghrist: "That all of them may be one as Thou, Father, in Me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us: that the world may believe that Thou has sent Me". Thus, and only thus, can the scandal of disunity among Christians be removed.

AQUILETTE

Due to the reluctance of our modest Johnians to display their literary talents, Miss Prescott, Editor of the Aquila, was unable to amass enough material to produce a magazine. We trust that this situation will be rectified next year but meanwhile THE JOHNIAN is happy to publish the following examples of Johnian creativity.

"I....WANT TO TRY SOMETHING NEW"

He walked up to the microphone with his script in his hand. He glanced up at the clock -10:05 — and then down to his script. In the control room were four people: his wife and his mother who were there to give him encouragement, an operator who would handle the controls, and the programme director of the radio station who would be listening carefully.

The room he was in was cold and bare by its very nature, only a chair and another microphone in a faraway corner. Studio "A" was its name and never in his life had a room so void and so lifeless meant so much

to him.

The operator pushed a button and asked, "Ready?" He nodded. "Okay. In thirty seconds on finger cue."

Thirty seconds, not long in a person's life, he thought. He wondered if the confidence held in him by his wife and mother would hold up under the strain. He felt he could do it. In the control room, the operator pushed another button and after a short pause gave the finger cue.

Here goes, he thought, and started his audition. For nearly five minutes he read his script. When he was finished, he said, "This has been an audition by

William Johnson, September 29th, 19--."

Bill remembered that first audition. He had passed it with flying colors and he had worked hard to get to his present position. He remembered his first newscast, not even a mispronounced word or a slur in his speech. His voice was deep and in it was the confidence that made listeners sit up and take notice. The network that his radio station belonged to thought so much of him they made him their special Paris Correspondent during the French Crisis of several years ago. When he returned, he became the network's "News Editor-in-Chief." He was proud of himself and he had a perfect right to be — he had reached a pinnacle few men ever reach.

A couple of years had since passed; sitting back in the luxurious chair in his office, Bill was thinking, "What

was next?" A desire in ambitious men is to reach higher goals, and here he was, he thought, the most ambitious of men, stagnant. Bill wanted out.

He took a slip of notepaper from his desk and picked up a pencil. After thinking for a moment, he wrote: "Thanks for everything, but I cannot continue in my present position. Bill".

He enclosed the note in an envelope and sealed it. A free man he thought — but wait — his wife, Marge. Marge had realized that he had become happy. Would she understand? She had confidence in him before; would she now? He put the envelope in his pocket.

Then the telephone rang.

"Hello What's that Marge dead How?"

Marge, who had meant so much to him, who had had faith in him, who was the sole reason for his being, had been hit by an automobile and had died instantly.

Several days later after Marge's funeral, Bill returned to his office very depressed. He reached into his pocket for his pen and found the envelope that contained his note. He remembered. "Now what, what's left?" Then a strange idea came to his mind. He left his office and gave the sealed envelope to his secretary saying, "Helen, give this to Mr- Henry. Tell him I'll be at home." He turned around to leave and then remembered to say, "Good-bye, Helen."

Rather startled at his farewell, Helen returned the goodbye.

Bill drove home and sat down with a pen and a piece of paper in front of him. After a few moments odd deep thought, he wrote: "I am a free man to do what I want to do. I have been stagnant and want to try something new."

That evening, the telephone rang and rang, but no one answered. When the policearrived, they found a pistol in the lifeless hands of Bill Johnson.

Bob Miller

As old soldiers, we thought we had developed storytelling into a fine art: but this was before we met

THE STRANGER

Strange how a melody or a chance remark can conjure up some vivid recollection of the past; then it seems that one almost has the physical sense of reliving an experience all over again. I must say I am rather susceptible to that sort of thing myself; play 'Waltzing Matilda' or 'We'll Meet Again' and once more I am back on a dusty road amid lines of steel helmets and hearing again the rhythmic beat of marching feet; mention 'Via Roma' and I can almost taste that Prima Scala which, in those days,

took the place of a more familiar beverage.

But there are certain people who require far less stimulus to take them back to those gallant days; Bert Shufflebottom, our local one-man-combined-operations, was one of these. I have never yet met a man who had seen and done as much as Bert in the prosecution of World War II, and who managed to serve in so many arms of the services, some of them, or so it often seemed, at the same time. Yet there were always facts in

his stories that possessed a ring of truth: thus it was with Bert's straight face and his odd exaggerations, we never

knew when he was pulling our legs.

Most of our sessions used to take place over pints of mild and bitter at a window table in the bar of The Red Lion: here, on a summer's evening, with the scent of the flowers contradicting the fragrance of the new mown hay in the open window, we sat and yarned for hours on end. I remember in the course of one conversation, someone mentioned Judo, and this immediately launched Bert into a story of his days in the paratroopers. At that time, he had callouses an inch thick down the outside edge of the little finger and palm of each hand, an astonishing depth of hard skin that he and his comrades had acquired by practising on pieces of wood which they were expected to break with one slash of the hand. Bert said that he had become quite adept at doing this, with the exception of, perhaps, two by four scantlings which sometimes gave him a spot of trouble. However, later, in action, he sent several of the enemy to Valhalla by dealing each of them in turn a sharp blow with the side of his hand. Again, talking of miraculous escapes one evening, reminded him of the time he was standing near a concrete wall which had the stury thickness of two feet. A shell, that landed close enough to almost give him a shave, blew him clean through the wall, yet the only injury he received was a small bump on the back of his head. I often wondered if his outline had been left in the concrete.

Once, when Bert was missing from an evening session, someone decided to retell one of our hero's latest reminiscences which concerned an incident that occurred during the time he was serving in a Scottish regiment. The occasion had been a seventy mile route march which had to be completed in ten hours, and Bert, quite understandably, was very tired when they passed the sixty mile mark. But here they were met by the regimental band, and music was supplied all the way back to the barracks. He had remarked how the skirl of the bagpipes had done wonders for the marchers and the last ten miles went by in no time. When questioned about the state of the band when it reached home, Bert had not deigned to reply. We all had another chuckle about this episode.

It was then a stranger, whom I had noticed earlier leaning against the bar, moved over to our table and asked if he might join us. He was offered a chair and a drink, both of which he accepted with some alacrity: he said he'd have a double whiskey. Then he remarked that he couldn't help overhearing what we had been saying just prior to his coming to the table and had we, by any chance, been referring to a personwho was here yesterday evening. We had said we were and that it was Bert Shufflebottom good old Bert.

"I should have known it was." he said, "You know, I recognized him last night but I wasn't sure. I guess that experience of his must have changed him quite a bit."

Eyebrows went up at this remark.

Somebody asked, "Did you know him well, then?" And the stranger's reply made us realize that here was a person whom we had been expecting to meet for a long time.

"Yes, I ought to; he said, "I was with him pretty well

throughout the war."

"Is that a fact?" I said, "and where were you during the war?"

Well, it turned out that he and Bert had worked together in an aircraft factory near Coventry for nearly the duration of the war, and the nearest that Bert had ever come to joining the forces was helping as an air-raid warden in the civil defence. A fair guffaw went round our circle when this choice piece of news fell on our ears, but the stranger didn't seem to be amused at all.

"He did his bit as an air-raid warden." he said somewhat coolly.

"That may be," I said, "but if you had heard some of "

The stranger interrupted: "Oh I heard what you were saying while I was standing at the bar, but I still insist that he did his share during the war."

Something in his manner made us look at him ex-

pectingly. He turned to me again:

"Have you noticed anything peculiar about his appear-

ance?" he said quietly.

"Well," I remarked after making a mental picture of Bert, "nothing much, except for the fact he might be a little thin."

"That's right," he said, "he is thin, especially his arms, and do you know why?"

"No, I don't." I replied.

"Well, I'll tell you." said the stranger. "The reason there's not much flesh on his bones is because it was burned off one night during an air-raid . . . his arms . . . seared almost to the bone . . . never thought he'd live to get to the hospital . . . seems the old so and so pulled through after all . . . I had to leave next day for the north: never did find out whether he made it until now . . . "

No-one spoke: for a while you could have heard a pin

The stranger just sat there, staring out of the window at the summer evening brightness of the garden. Yet for all the beauty in the riot of color on which he seemed to be gazing, his face had gone strangely pale.

Then someone said quietly: "Would you care to tell us

about it?"

But the stranger didn't answer. Perhaps he wasn't listening. By the look in his eyes, I should say he may have been back in the roaring destruction of the raid, hearing again the whistle of the bombs, the crash of falling masonry, and the cries of the wounded and the dying. When eventually he did speak, it was in the faltering tone of a person almost in a state of shock:

"There was a house . . . " he began, ". . . burning . . kids at the bedroom windows. . ." here he paused for a while, and when he continued, his voice had sunk into a faint whisper: ". . . daren't go in . . . Bert did . . . got 'em all out . . . last one . . . his own clothes . . . on fire . . " His voice trailed off into dead silence. Genuine distress showed in every line of his features, but whether it was because of his confession of cowardice or of what happened to Bert, I couldn't tell. I only know how that expression on his face raised the tension around the table until the silence nearly sang, and that by this time, we were all sitting on the edges of our chairs. Poor old Bert, and to think we . . .

The stranger slowly recovered his composure. He finished his drink and rose from his chair with infirm movements such as one would expect of an old man. For a few seconds he just stood there, looking at us blankly and then, without saying another word, he opened the door leading to the street and was gone. This was obviously the end of the evening for us too, and so, after a few muttered words of parting, we went our various

The next evening, Bert was back again in his place at the favorite table, and I could see that all the attention he was getting had put a worry line on his usually placid brow.

"Is there anything wrong?" he wanted to know. "Oh no," we all waved our hands embarrassed like, "nothing at all Bert."

A game of darts was suggested, and Bert said that seeing it was such a warm evening, he was going to take off his coat. As long as we had known him, he had never done this before, and fortunately, he was already

facing the clothes peg when he said it or he would have seen our jaws dropping almost to our knees. Then, as we watched, fascinated, he began to roll up his shirt sleeves. And his arms? Not a trace of scar anywhere, and except for a few hairs they were as smooth as a baby's.

His sharp voice suddenly broke through the thick fog that seemed to be gathering about our heads: "Say,

what's wrong with you lot, this evening?"

"Bert," I whispered, when I managed to get my voice operating again, "Were you ever anywhere near Coventry round 1944?"

"Heck, no," said Bert cheerfully, "never been there in my life. 1944 did you say? Let's see now, oh yes, about that time I was winkling out snipers in the ruins of Monte Cassino: I'll tell you about it, sometime."

I don't know how successful he was in his efforts among the ruins of Monte Cassino, but he did something that I know for certain he had never done before: he beat us all at darts.

D. Wilkes

FRAUD

No, no, I hold you to your bargain, Small blond idol. You cannot withdraw.

Have I not pampered you and kept you sleek With pulse of my warm blood And mist of my strong will?

No, you agreed invisible I should With you before me walk in this procession.

You have your price.
And, therefore, cannot now
Permit the moth to fret the hardened teak
From which I fashioned you
To shadeless rags.

Margaret Allen

A CONVERSATION WITH GOD

The men who speak for you Often demand too much.

And so I am told that in Those moments of sure ecstacy When I approach you, I have in reality turned my back. The dreamlike flame of thought Steals out and coils itself around The few fine remembered moments Of our loving, burnishing them, Shaping a full legend of happiness Beginning and ending.

Fragments linked by the flame
Of make-believe spin out a tale
To be kept and measured only
Against an intensity distorting time
In the depth of you and I together
For a fleeting eternity.

Maureen Scott

WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED

(Written Tuesday, October 23, 1962, at the height of the Cuban crisis.)

Through the quick-sprung door of fear, A vision of flickering flaming ice. Kind and kindred all suddenly one No stasis now of beauty and pain But a quick collage where opposites merge.

Mad man of the whirling circles Backwards and forwards all the long day Sinking deep, deep even to dreams Unescaped man in the secret place.

O worship ye hard at the silver flame, Ye men of courage, ye men of pride. Horror is dancing with fine-tuned step To the music of quick soft moaning cry Deep in the tree-writhing undreamed death.

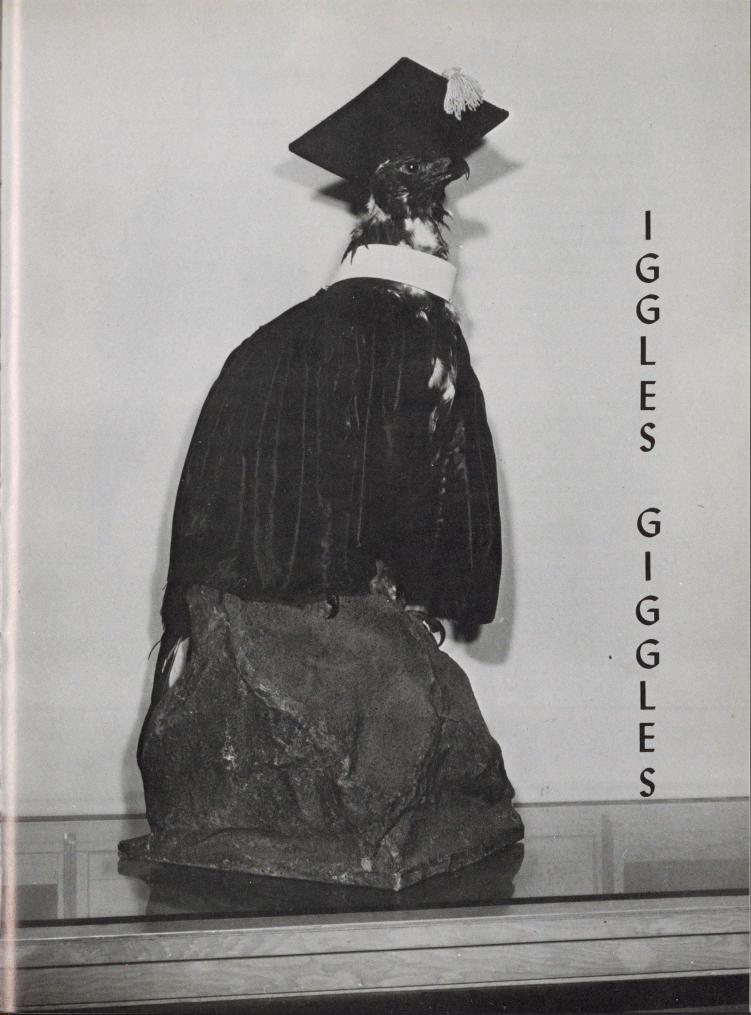
Maureen Scott

"A quiconque a perdu ce qui ne se retrouve Jamais, jamais!"

Baudelaire

Gulls are a symbol for you
Of something fierce and untamed
Wheeling freely through the grey rain sky.
Austere and sharply beautiful their flight.

Gulls are a symbol
Their cry tearing raggedly through the grey mist
Of the dreams you walk in
Your face wistful raised to the grey rain sky
Watching.



AIN'T HE A BLABBERMOUTH

I have been prevailed upon once already this term to come down from my lofty perch to comment on the doings of that corrupt institution called the Student Council. Now, after much persuasion, I have decided to descend again to comment on the doings and undoings of the common rabble.

First, a few of the quotes I have overheard over the year: Miss Wade re. sex: "I never knew I had such powers." Linda Laughlin: "No, I don't believe in free love, but I wish I did!" Wendy Bracken (blushingly) "Oh, you guys, I've got a crush!" Susan Elders in reply to the question "Could you be a nymph, Miss Elders?": "Oh!! Yess!!" Leigh Black (sighing) "Brian, I want to neck." Lynne Pate: "I know it's true, but did she have to make it sound so earthy?" Phyllis Wedding: "Gad! Hands all over the place!" Barry Oliver: "What time is he going to wake up?" - G.T. "Justa minute and I'll ask him." Prof. Hoole to Linda Jewison the Tuesday after her wedding: "Miss Lange, you don't look like you got much sleep this weekend!" Doris McIntyre: "Boys can be devils one day and angels the next, but girls are cruel all the time." Jo-Ann Shelton: "I'm Napoleon - You'd think Waterloo would have been enough; why do they have to put ground glass in my hamburgers?" Ardis Brooker: "I paid two dollars for that parking spot in the driveway so they'd better



not tow my car away!" Liz Wallace: "I can't get married till the grain boat comes in." Charlie Colyer: "Phyllis' belt looks like something you pull when you want something!" Mabel Rawlins: "You want me to proofread this while I'm sitting on the toilet?" Anne Marriott: "Don't let them print anything about me — they're in the washroom now thinking up lies about me!" Barb Black: "Gordie-baby, let me reassure you!" Dave Frayer: "Hey, guess what! We're bombed!" Carol Evans: "Watch it, Fred," Gord Beckett: "I can't think of anything — and believe it or not, I'm thinking!"

And then there are a few questions I'd like to ask: Why does Gail Taylor bring her overnight bag to college once a week? What do those two 'intoxicating' characters, Bruce Nesbitt and Helen Wright do those evenings when the ''Do Not Disturb'' sign decorates the locked door of the darkened council office? What goes on during those 'driving' lessons Glenn Calder gives Phyllis Wedding on Cadbora Road? What's this about Tanny getting an extra ten thousand a year for being a senator? Who but Anne Marriott could go to the A and W, the Pony, and the Sals all in one night for dinner? What's Barb Black got that she attracts boys all the way from Arizona? Who did you say was setting up shop in Men's Res? Who took the money from the Council Office piggy bank to go to the Montcalm? And last but not least — when is someone going to take time to give me a bath; with all the dirt I take in one day, I need it!!!

GETTING OUT THE YEARBOOK

If we print jokes — Too silly.

If we don't — Too serious.

If we publish original matter — No variety.

If we publish things from other books — Just lazy.

Like as not someone will say we got this from another Annual — and so we did.

TO THE GRADUANDS

By popular request, (and with the proper degree of modesty on the part of the editor of this glorious publication) we are including the following gem of literary brilliance (i.e. poem written by the editor of the afore-mentioned publication) for the benefit of all those who were unable, either because they couldn't pass the physical or for other legitimate reasons, to attend the dinner held in honour of the Women Graduates at which the afore-mentioned literary gem was delivered as a toast to the afore-said charming and luscious ladies.

They learned, did these Freshies, before very long That college boys thrive on wine, women, and song; That classes were scheduled just to be skipped And seniors were human and too could be lipped. They took up the weed, among other vices, And found how a swear word can help in a crisis. They learned that at parties you do not drink tea; That to be a good Johnian, you must be SEXY! That to search after knowledge is not why we're here But to raise (blank blank) Hell throughout the whole

They learned all the ways to break an embrace; That if these didn't work, you could just slap his face. They learned to call profs, Cecil, Jamie, and Pick; How to pass a late essay by excuse or a trick. And finally they found, though a B.A. is fine, An M.R.S. of success is the really true sign.

And these are the women we honour today; Through all their best years they have trod St. John's way.

They to us, the rabble who follow behind
Have been ever so knowing, and loving, and kind.
They have taught us the secrets they learned through

How to party all night and hold thirteen beers. And now they have come to that glorious day
When they strut down the aisle clutching close a B.A.;
When they're given free dinners and free dances too.

When they strut down the assectutining crose a B.A.; When they're given free dinners and free dances too, And, last but not least, fine speeches and true. They may go on to stardom, to wealth, or to fame But I suspect that they will first change their name. The victory supreme — unsuspecting male caught; An ivy-trimmed cottage, and all of that rot.

And with it, of course, a few minor set backs — Washing and ironing, and small muddy tracks
To decorate the rug that on credit you bought,
The rug which already bears pattern unsought

Thanks to one leaky babyanda husband who smokes And sheds lighted ashes, and tells corny jokes.

That's the same lovin' man who snores like a saw And beefs 'cause his carefully-cooked steak is quite raw.

But you'll love him, and spoil him, and kiss him with joy;

He'll be just your paunchy but sweet little boy!

But enough! — even divinely inspired little me Can't see into the future infallibly.

Let us turn again back to the past and its trends And thin, undergrads, we are losing our friends! We will miss them, I know, and from what I can tell

Tasting marital bliss, they will miss us as well And wish they were back at jolly old S.J.C.

With pig-sty like common room, crumpets and tea. Canon Wilmot sat by the college door

With papers on desk, on table, and floor, With forms to fill out, all of which were designed

With forms to fill out, all of which were designed To send the poor Freshie right out of his mind. They came in, bewildered, naive, and pure,

And filled out the thousands of forms asked for.

They gazed at the profs, reverence in their eye Learned men at whose scorn they surely would die. They gazed at the Seniors with just as great awe Bowed down five times as was supreme law, Confessing they were a quite pernicious race, The most odious vermin to enter the place.

Classes started, and each of them worked like a fiend; They knew that at college you had to be keen! To get a degree was their dearest dream.

Thus the library emitted great clouds of steam From active young minds with knowledge their aim. To each of their classes together they came; To chapel they trooped at twenty past nine; It wasn't much fun, but their work sure was fine!

Then one day a senior took them under her wing And told them that it was a wonderful thing To sit over coffee with a donut to dip And spend many long hours over juicy gossip. She showed them the cards and revealed all the joys Of bridge playing with all those sharp college boys. She offered a cigarette — they denied overwrought, To smoke in divine halls could hardly be thought! She found out their names, added them to the list For soccer and ping-pong and *Jobnian* and whist.

And then one fine day, a suave college boy
Asked one for a date — Oh what rapture! what joy!
She dressed with great care, was all ready at eight;
He finally arrived a whole hour late.
He took her out driving — a real snazzy car.
She told him that really they couldn't go far
For she had a deadline she just couldn't break.
He slipped his arm round her and groaned 'That's
just great!'
He suggested she might like to see City Park;

She didn't see how — it was really quite dark.

But he went to College — what he wanted to do

Was doubtless discuss Philosophy Two.

This was not quite correct, as she found out too late... She knew nice girls just *don't* on the first date! But he was so strong — in a passionate mood And what could she do without being rude?

A light! — not the dawn, but a policeman in blue Who suggested they move — now what could she do? He was mad, she humiliated — Oh, what a date! And to top it she got home three hours too late!

But I wander again — let us back to the point Which I think is to wish them Godspeed from this

On behalf, then, of all we whom you leave behind I wish you good luck, and true peace of mind; I pray that each dream that you now hold so dear May be realized as you pass from year unto year; I say, may God bless you, and beg that you too May remember St. John's and us left behind you. Then to all these young ladies, more charming than most,

Let us rise, and let's drink a most sincere toast!

To all the many personnages to whom we have paid tribute and honour in this illustrious annual and whose heads are probably three times their normal size by now, we direct this little gem of head-shrinking wisdom

INDISPENSABLE

Sometime when you are feeling important, Sometime when your ego is in bloom Sometime when you take it for granted, You're the best qualified in the room. Sometime when you feel that your going, Would leave an unfillable hole, Just follow these simple instructions And see how it humbles your soul. Take a bucket and fill it with water Put your hand in it up to your wrist, Pull it out and the hole that's remaining Is the measure of how you'll be missed. You may splash all you wish when you enter You can stir up the water galore, But stop and you'll find in a minute That it looks quite the same as before. The moral of this quaint example Is - do the best you can, Be proud of yourself, but remember There is no indispensable man.

WOES OF RESIDENCE

I am worried till I'm weary O'er this problem grave and deep. Shall I sleep and lose my breakfast Or shall I rise and lose my sleep?

ON SECOND THOUGHT

Whatever I said in anger,
Whatever I shouted in spite,
I'm sorry I spoke so quickly,
I thought of some worse ones tonight.

There are three sides to every question: yours, mine, and the truth.

When you argue with a fool be sure he is not similarly occupied.

Overheard in the Council Office:

There are two kinds of people in the world: those who use a phone book and those who put it back.

SMILE! PROF IGGLE'S WATCHING





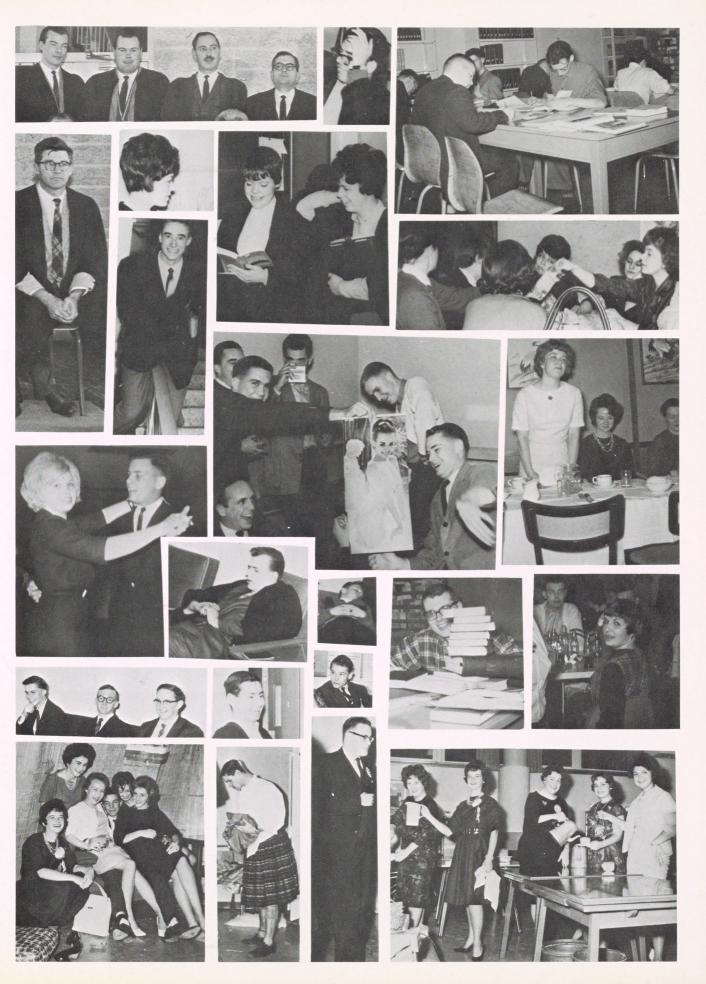




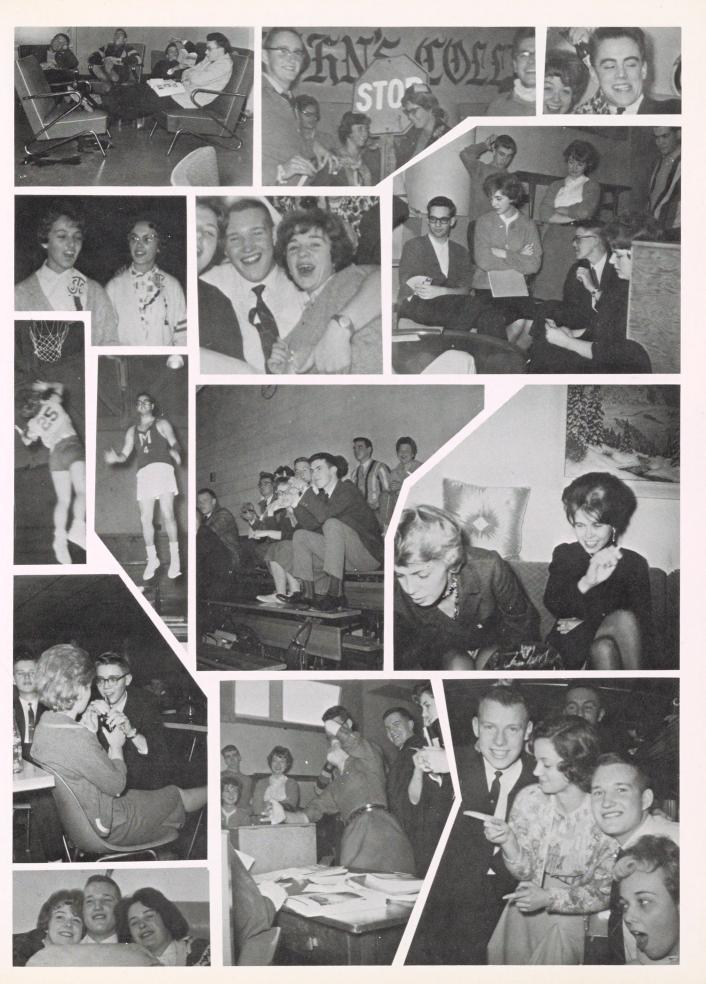














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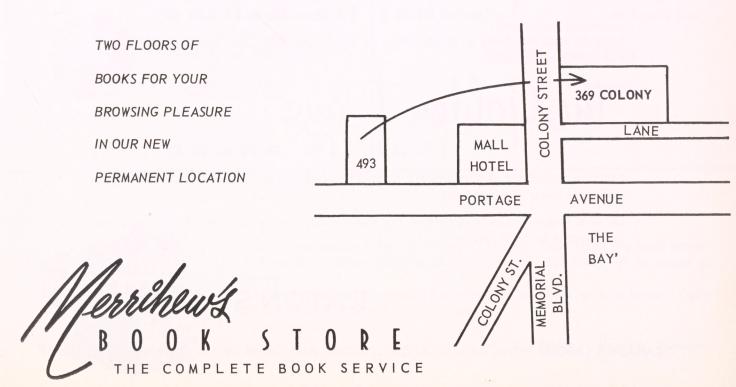
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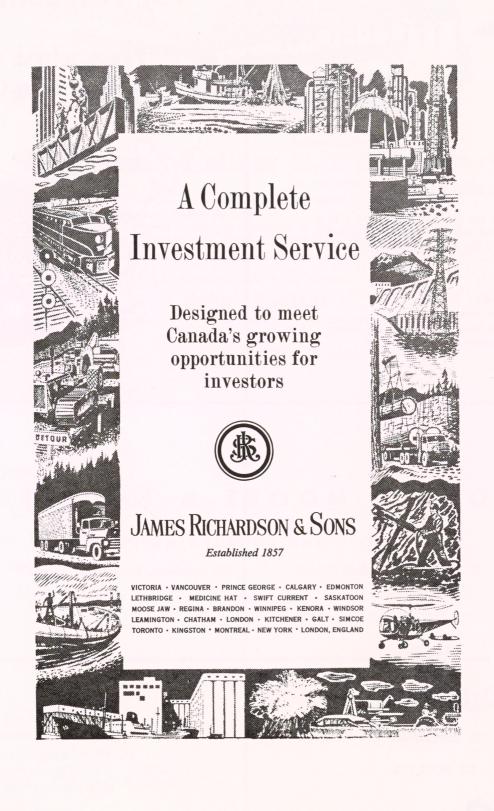
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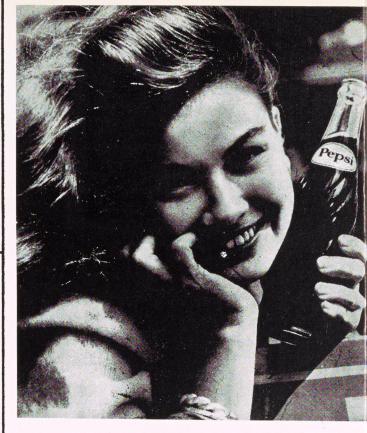
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